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ROSES AND MEMORIES.

BY C. A. D.

Gloom and a grayness as of breaking night
Till the June day awakens, till the hush
Breaks into song of throstle, and the lush
Long grasses stir and quiver, dewy bright.

A world of dusky crimsons, with the white
Snow pebals budding, and the fragrant blush
Of the moss-rose—an ever deepening flush
Of flowers that wait the love-kiss of the light.

So breaks the morn of roses; but, alas!
Dead Junes have left their memories, a flower
Pressed between storied leaves, a twist of grass
Once fitted to my finger in that bower
Of twilight blooms. Oh love! though youth must pass,
Life holds the mem'ry of that golden hour.

The Love That Lives.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HER FATHER'S SIN," "A CAPITAL CHARGE," "ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS," ETC., ETC.

PROLOGUE.

BUT, you know, Mrs. Jaxon, reluctant as I am to mention it, this is really not business-like! Five thousand pounds is no trifle to me, whatever it may appear to a rich woman like yourself. I lent it to you with all the pleasure in life. Yet, now that I ask for payment——" And Major Montgomery comes to a full stop, with a shrug of the shoulders more expressive than words.

For a moment the woman, reclining on the sofa, her golden head supported by purple-plush cushions, her trailing evening dress of white brocade flowing in glistening folds to the ground, says nothing. Apparently her whole attention is absorbed in the arrangement of the heavy diamond rings which glitter upon three fingers of her left hand.

"If you could make me any definite promise, I should be happy to agree to whatever arrangement you might suggest," the little man urges, drawing his chair a few inches nearer to the couch, and gazing upon Lilith with admiring eyes.

"Pshaw! You know I shall give no undertaking of the kind you mean," the lady retorts, with petulance. Then, with a most palpable sneer—"Since when has it become the fashion, Major Montgomery, for a gentleman to dun a lady for her debts—especially for debts such a very large proportion of which consists of the usury that same gentleman demands?"

The blood rushes to her companion's forehead. However, when he replies, his tone is as suave as ever.

"You use hard words, Mrs. Jaxon. Therefore it seems best that I should explain myself at once. I should not have named the affair to-night but that I had a definite plan to propose—one which has the merit of being easy for you to carry out."

He pauses, and moistens his dry lips with his tongue. Lilith glances up at him in surprise. Clearly, whatever merits the scheme may possess, there is no small difficulty in stating its details.

"Well?" Mrs. Jaxon says at last, impatiently enough. This ex-major of volunteers, whose fancy is to employ the military title, is no special favorite of hers at the best of times. Had it not been for the readiness with which his cheque-book has been frequently placed at her disposal, to pay the heavy losses incurred by her agent, on her behalf, upon the Stock Exchange, his name would long since have been struck off her visiting list. And to-night she feels that she simply loathes him!

"You have immense influence with your husband, Mrs. Jaxon."

The brilliant eyes sparkle with disdain; the red lips curve.

"I ought to have," she answers briefly.

"Or where would be the power of youth and loveliness?"—with a profound bow, to which however she pays little heed as she has vouchsafed to the broad compliment. "Well, it is your interest with him that I want to bespeak."

"Yes?"—with an arching of the dark eye-brows, which, contrasted with her golden hair, lend such piquancy to Lilith Jaxon's beauty.

Her cool insolence stings Major Montgomery to anger, and by arousing his temper loosens his tongue.

"Yes; if you can induce him to give me your step-daughter, Easter, why, you may write yourself down as free. Otherwise I must have my bond."

For a moment Lilith Jaxon is struck dumb by the man's audacity. That he, this parvenu, should dare to raise his eyes to lovely Easter Jaxon, who is, by virtue of her dead mother's wealth, one of the greatest co-heiresses in the kingdom! Preposterous!

"You think me bold, Mrs. Jaxon?"

With a pretty musical laugh, she rises from among the cushions to her feet.

"'Bold' is scarcely the word," she returns. "Your daring is simply magnificent, Major."

"So magnificent that I can venture at present to name it to no one but yourself. You understand though. These—and nothing else—are my terms."

For the first time Lilith comprehends that the Major is in earnest. The color rushes to her face.

"Nonsense! You know that Mr. Jaxon would never listen to such a suggestion! You know——"

"Pardon me"—laying his hand upon her white round arm—"I know nothing but what I have said. You have before you two alternatives. Give me, within three months, the five thousand pounds that will redeem the note of hand which I hold—after all, what is such a sum to the wealthy widow whom Mr. Jaxon brought home so unexpectedly to Rockleigh as his second wife?—or the hand and fortune of your step-daughter." And, as he slowly brings out each word, he fixes his evil eyes upon her downcast face.

"Lilith—Lilith!"

In spite of his fifty years, Mr. Jaxon retains still something of boyishness in his nature. His wife recognizes his voice, calling to her as he runs up the staircase, and she rises slowly from her seat.

"But suppose that I try to carry out your wishes as to this match, and fail?" she whispers hurriedly.

The Major smiles. She is yielding, as he has known all along she would yield.

"The other arrangement will always remain possible," he says. "Or, if not, a word to Mr. Jaxon——"

"You could not be so base! After helping—no, urging—me to keep the matter secret for so long, at the end to betray me!" she exclaims. And then the door is thrown hurriedly open and the interview is at an end.

"My darling, I have been hunting for you everywhere!" Mr. Jaxon exclaims, with a glance of unutterable love at his wife.

"I was cold in the drawing-room," she explains, "so I told them to light a fire here in my boudoir. Did you want me?"

"When do I not want you, dearest? And see, here's a telegram from that Spanish fellow, advising me to take a trip to Valencia to look after my own property for myself. It would mean quite a long absence, Lilith. Three weeks or——"

"Three weeks isn't an eternity"—with a laugh, and an upward glance of the bewitching eyes.

"Away from you it may seem so," Mr. Jaxon whispers. "Yet I almost think I must go."

If it is a look of relief that is upon her features now, her husband does not notice it, for his gaze has reverted to the telegram in his hand.

"If things go wrong it may mean considerable loss, may it not?" she asks quietly.

"But to rush off like this, leaving you —— Ah, Montgomery, I did not notice you. How do? Isn't it a confounded bore?"

The Major clasps Mr. Jaxon's outstretched hand.

"What business is not?" he says. "But I must be off. Have an engagement for which I'm late already. Good-bye, Mrs. Jaxon." Then, so low that she alone catches the words, he adds—"I shall return in three days for you decision."

For this however he is doomed to wait far longer than he expects. When, at the hour he has named, he knocks again at the door of the pretty house in Park Lane and inquires for its mistress, he hears that Mrs. Jaxon was, two hours since, summoned to the sick bed of a relative in Lancashire, and that her husband is supposed to be, by this time, well on his way to Spain.

Moreover, to a request for Lilith's address the butler shakes his head.

"She left none," he declares—"leastways, not with me, sir. And the young ladies went to Rockleigh yesterday."

Major Montgomery turns away, with something like an imprecation upon the woman who, for the moment, has baffled him. Not but that he can afford to wait, as he assures himself before he reaches Piccadilly. And, after all, she cannot remain perdue for long.

Of this fact the lady is as well aware as he—as well aware indeed as she is of the utter absurdity and certain failure of the Major's pursuit of Easter. Little does her persecutor dream of the smile with which she is even at this moment meditating upon his project, or that he has played into her hands by giving her time to concert other measures by which his claims may be met. Had he any such idea, his mind would probably be considerably less at ease that it is at present.

CHAPTER I.

It is upon the stroke of midnight. Outside the ancient gray-stone house the moonbeams are lighting with a silvery glory the wide expanse of lawn and flowerbed, while inside they gleam pallidly upon the polished floors wherever uncurtained and unshuttered windows afford an entrance. Every inmate of the house is supposed to be asleep. Yet it is only in one of the four bed-rooms at present tenanted that slumber has undisputed sway—that of Miss Richardson, the aged hostess and owner of the dwelling.

It is in a room close to her own that Sir Auriol Rainton, her nephew and probable heir, is supposed to be reposing. But, instead of doing so, the young man, with his arms resting upon the sill of the open casement and a cigar between his lips, is meditating—thinking of his past, wondering as to the future, anathematizing the present.

For his object in coming hither was to induce Miss Richardson to advance him at once a few of the thousands which she had all his life vowed should one day be his. He has failed, as any one who was blessed with Miss Richardson's aquaintance would have prophesied that he must fail. And, moreover, the miserly old lady has declared that a spendthrift shall not inherit one tittle of her hoards. She will alter her will to-morrow.

Up-stairs the humble companion and so-called secretary of the chatelaine has her apartments. Her window is closed, and the curtains are drawn. She has taken off her dress, and is already half ready for bed.

Yet she too is at this moment lingering, absorbed in thought. She has been in Miss Richardson's employ only one short fortnight, and it is possible that the situation has not proved a bed of roses to the dependant. At any rate, while Miss Dean ponders, her brow contracts in a frown, and she clenches her hands tightly.

Still higher is the lodging of the one hard-worked general servant of the establishment. For, in spite of a rent-roll of thousands, in spite of investments too large and too numerous to name, in spite of her famous plate-chests and still more famous collection of priceless jewels, Miss Richardson is a law unto herself. She cares nothing for country talk and fashionable sneers. She loves her wealth, and prefers not to spend one unnecessary sovereign. Mary Smith can cook chops, and clean the single sitting-room which her mistress requires. So, for fourteen long hours each day, Mary Smith toils, without help and without companionship, for the wages of twelve pounds a year.

The girl has been sitting wearily on the edge of her bed, her hands clasped round one knee, her black eyes staring into vacancy, and all her long dark hair flowing over her shoulders. Hers is an intelligent and altogether rather attractive face, though the cheeks, upon which the moonbeams are falling, are too pale for perfect health, and the lips quiver painfully. In the eyes there is no hope, only a sullen despair, and the tremulous lips look as if they could not smile. She stirs, glancing round her, as though just waking from sleep. Then she stands up suddenly, and with hasty fingers begins to collect together a few trifles and small articles of clothing, making them into the tightest, smallest bundle possible.

One o'clock strikes, then two; and almost simultaneously with the last stroke there is a stealthy footstep outside Miss Richardson's door. Nothing is at present visible. Whoever is thus wandering about the wide corridor has avoided the numerous gleams of moonlight and has kept carefully among the shadows. Then a key is turned in the lock, and the gliding figure enters the room. The lamp is burning dimly—Miss Richardson can never, even for the sake of economy, endure total darkness—and in the faint light the form of the helpless sleeper beneath the bed-clothes is clearly perceptible. She is lying on her back, her mouth half open, one wrinkled hand, which lies out upon the sheet, holding a pocket-handkerchief.

The intruder, without a pause, walks to the side of the bed. Then a small bottle is uncorked, the handkerchief, taken from between the relaxed fingers, is saturated with chloroform and spread carefully over the colorless face. After waiting three minutes the silent visitor goes to work. Every box and cupboard door in the room is examined, to ascertain which are locked.

All but three open at a touch, revealing piles of frousy hoarded raiment, too old and soiled even for Miss Richardson's use, but which, with the true instinct for hoarding, she has found herself unable to give away. Three receptacles however are fastened, and to them it is that attention

seems to be at once attracted.

From beneath the pillow is taken a bunch of keys, from which one is selected and fitted into the wardrobe door. The key turns readily, and the door is opened. Inside there are piles of linen, yellow with age, trimmed with costly Valenciennes lace and cut in the fashion of a by-gone age. Heaps of dresses, too, unworn, although fifty years old, encumber the shelves. Mantles, shawls, furs hang upon the pegs, and from among the folds flutter half a dozen tiny moths, telling a tale of destruction. There can be no question as to the contents of the wardrobe. It holds a trousseau, made a half a century since for a youthful happy girl, who yet was never to be a bride.

Without heed to dust or moth, the sacred stores are explored. Profane hands grope carefully to find what may be hidden there.

Nothing however comes to light. So the searcher by-and-by turns to a black iron-clamped box that stands beneath the bed. This chest is heavy and difficult to move. But at last the task is accomplished. The box is drawn from its resting-place and opened, with another carefully chosen key. Then, before the lid is raised, the handkerchief is again saturated and placed over Miss Richardson's mouth and nostrils; if she should wake now she might receive a fright which would cause her death. Under the heavy lid is yet another, covered with purple velvet, and, in order to open it, a third key is requisite. Then, at last, the search is rewarded. Two hands are plunged greedily among the glistening jewels. There are pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds. But this is not the time to examine closely into their worth. They are stowed away in a coarse linen bag. Then, when all have been removed, the empty coffer is abandoned.

But one depository still remains unexamined, a solid mahogany desk, wherein Miss Richardson invariably keeps such store of money as she thinks well to have near at hand. This proves to be harder of access than either wardrobe or jewel-case. Not a key upon the bunch will even go into the lock, which appears to be of quite unusual make and size; nor do the skeleton keys, which are next tried, bring about any better result. For the first time a sound, a half-audible exclamation of impatience, escapes the searcher. Then the unconscious woman is raised cautiously from the pillow, while every corner of the bed is examined. The coarse night-dress, so widely different from the lace-trimmed trousseau garments, is pulled open at the neck to see if the tiny instrument required is concealed within. The purse, lying on a small table near at hand, is turned inside out. But all in vain! Miss Richardson has taken her precautions well.

For almost an hour, in every likely and unlikely spot, the search continues, until no hope seems left. The hall clock strikes four. With a gesture of passionate disappointment the thief gathers up the spoil, and turns to go. The chloroformed handkerchief is snatched from its position and tossed upon the floor, the next moment the quiet figure upon the bed, is left alone in the room.

"Good morning, Sir Auriol," exclaims Eliza Dean, as she happens, about five hours later, to encounter the Baronet on her way to the dining-room. "I hope you slept as well as I did! For that stupid Mary forgot to call me, and I have only just succeeded in getting my eyes open."

"Exactly my case, by Jove! Never felt so sleepy in my life! Hallo! Doesn't the old lady have the shutters down even in the daytime? And where do you breakfast?"

The dining-room is still in gloom, and upon the table no vestige of a meal appears to cheer those hungry folk.

Miss Dean glances around her half nervously. She is a short stout woman, with a slight limp, and a face much swollen on one side—a chronic affliction, as she confided to Miss Richardson on her first arrival, and certainly a detail which by no means improves her personal appearance.

"I cannot understand it," she exclaims. "Can Mary be unwell, do you think? Oh, Sir Auriol, it is very bold of me to suggest it, but will you come with me to the kitchen to see? I positively dare not go alone!"

"Come? Of course I'll come. Why not?" Sir Auriol returns, in his good nature. "Take my arm, if you're afraid."

But at that notion Miss Dean shakes her head, while a positive blush mounts to her sallow cheeks.

"You are too kind," she returns shyly, limping before him along the hall towards the back premises. "But indeed there is no need for that. I am used to supporting myself"—with a half-comic pathos, which however Sir Auriol does not seem to notice; for they have reached their destination, only to find that here too the blinds are still closely drawn, and his attention is absorbed in peering around in the semi-darkness.

"No one here!" he declares. "It is the queerest affair I ever knew! Where does the slavey sleep, Miss Dean?"

Miss Dean sighs.

"At the very top of the house. So many stairs!" she murmurs. "Still, if she should be ill? I must go, you know."

"I shall come too, to see that you don't fall half-way," her companion says smilingly. "Now for our climb!"

The bed-room door is wide open, the bed undisturbed. Miss Dean surveys the small ill-furnished apartment without a word. Sir Auriol is the first to break the ominous silence.

"Let us go to my aunt's room," he says, very gravely. "She may be able to explain. And, by-the-way, why is she not yet down? Has she given up her old habits of early rising?"

In unbroken silence they descend the staircases. Upon the mat outside the closed door of Miss Richardson's room they pause and glance at each other. Some unuttered fear is evidently at work in both. It is the Baronet who at length knocks.

No answer! But the door, which has evidently not been latched, turns on its hinges at the touch. What a scene meets their gaze—the open wardrobe, with its contents strewn upon the floor, tables, and chairs; the empty coffer at the foot of the bed; above all the undisturbed sleeper!

It is to Miss Richardson's side that the companion, her face white with horror, at once makes her way.

"Miss Richardson—Miss Richardson!" she cries, her voice growing louder and shriller with every syllable. Then, with a low scream, she turns to the Baronet. "She is dead! I am sure she is dead! That wicked girl must have killed her."

Her head sinks forward upon the bolster, close to the lifeless woman's side. Then, with another scream, she falls prostrate upon the floor.

CHAPTER II.

NORMAN FERGUSON'S STORY.

IT WAS on Tuesday, October 23, 188—, that I was sent down to Oldcourt Hall, in the county of Somerset, to investigate the murder of its owner, an old maiden lady, named Richardson.

The affair had taken place in the course of Sunday night, and the inquest, which was held on the Monday evening, was over before the case was placed in my hands. That however was nobody's fault, as just then they were particularly busy at Scotland Yard, and I, the only available man, was away for my holiday, rusticating in Ireland. It was a telegram that brought me back before my time had half expired. I needed the rest, for I had been overworked of late; but then necessity has no laws. And, as I was wanted I buckled to at once, traveling to Oldcourt by the first train leaving London after I had received my instructions.

I studied the newspaper account of the inquest during half the journey; not because it told so much, but because it told so little. This, in short, was the report.

"On Sunday night, at ten o'clock, four people retired to their separate bed-rooms at the Hall. On Monday morning, at nine, two of the four, having slept undisturbed, met each other on their way to the dining-room. In the dining-room the blinds were still down and no preparations had been made for any meal. Subsequent investigations undertaken by the two persons in question, Miss Dean, the companion, and Sir Auriol Rainton, a Baronet and the nephew of Miss Richardson, brought to light the three facts that Miss Richardson had been killed with chloroform, that robbery of some sort had been committed, and that the one servant of the establishment, a young woman named Mary Smith, was missing."

On the surface, as simple a case of murder for the sake of plunder as could well be devised. So the jury seemed to think; for their immediate verdict had been one of wilful murder against Mary Smith. And my work appeared already to pretty well cut out for me. I must find and arrest the accused, who had by now secured almost two days' start of me.

There was however one morsel of evidence which continually recurred to my mind, as, with my eyes shut, I set myself to consider how best to accomplish my task. It was this. Mary Smith had been for about three years in Miss Richardson's employ. During that period she had many times been, for months together, alone in the house with her mistress. Why should she have selected, above all other occasions, the night when two other individuals were staying at the Hall to commit her crime? Why should she have chosen a moment when the chances of red-handed detection were many times multiplied and when the murder itself could not but be at once discovered? That was the single grain of mystery at the moment apparent about the affair.

All was excitement at the little hotel, grandly named the "Oldcourt Arms," to which I carried my black bag on leaving the country station where the slowest of slow trains had ultimately deposited me.

Yes, I could have a bed, the buxom landlady assured me, in her unwritable dialect, at least, if I did not mind waiting for the room. But the lady and the gentleman from the Hall were still at the inn, and would be until the evening train to town, and, as they occupied the only two available chambers, I must be content with the coffee-room accommodation until their departure.

No news could have pleased me better. I had feared that these important witnesses would already be far afield. Yet here they were still, ready to my hand.

With a cheerful heart I ordered a chop to be prepared for my dinner, listening the while to the barmaid's gossip with two rustics, and gathering from it that Miss Dean was still quite too unwell to travel, although she would persist in leaving that night. Indeed she had prepared to start by the up-train that morning; but she fainted just at the time when she ought to have gone to the station.

"An' th' Barynite? Did he faint too?" laughed the yokel.

Sarah shook her head, laughing also.

"Him over-laid! Did all as well!" she said. "Him's a rare nice gen'elman, zo 'e boos."

"Take this up to Sir Auriol, and ask him to favor me with ten minutes of his time," I said to the girl, at the same time producing my professional card and handing it to her.

She eyed it well all over, but evidently was unable to read it.

"Gie 'e this ticket?" she said questioningly.

"Yes; and ask him to see me"—reducing the message to the limits of her comprehension.

As soon as I entered the sitting-room where Sir Auriol awaited me I remembered his face, although until that moment his name had only vaguely impressed me. That however was not wonderful, as the small boy whom I had once rescued from the clutches of a notorious bully at Eton, during my last year there, had never been known by any more aristocratic appellation than that of "Pink 'un." The fight in which the lad had involved me was a slight affair; but it had served to stamp the youngster's bright, almost girlish complexion and regular features upon my recollection. And he was wonderfully little altered. If anything, I thought him prettier than ever!

Apparently he was no more forgetful than I; for he met me with outstretched hand and much cordiality.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Fergusson. To what do we owe this meeting?" he said.

I pointed to my "ticket," still lying at his elbow.

"I need not tell you there are ups and downs in every life, Sir Auriol. I am at present a detective in the employ of Scotland Yard."

He looked astonished, and a little disturbed.

"My dear fellow! You don't say so! Then I presume it is about this horrid business up at the Hall that you want to talk?"

"Exactly."

I suppose it was natural that his manner should have changed all in a moment; yet, for the life of me, I could not avoid answering him shortly.

"I wish I hadn't overslept myself this morning," he said, with a laugh. "Then I should have escaped further questions; at least, unless you had caught me on Saturday, when I shall have to return for the funeral. I'm sick of the whole affair! Who ever heard of such a benighted hole as this, where only two up-trains stop in the twenty-four hours?"

I thought his words a trifle heartless; but that was no affair of mine.

"And probably the inquest was not over in time for you to go yesterday?" I said. "But to business! Will you be good enough to tell me all you know in reference to this matter?"

He reflected for a moment, and then began his story, which however did not differ in the least from the printed account I had already read.

"This Mary Smith—what sort of girl was she?" I inquired, as at last he paused.

He shook his head.

"I never even saw her"—with a smile. "During the few hours I was in the house our food was always brought into the room by Miss Dean."

"Not generally a part of a companion's duty," I observed, at which remark Sir Auriol shrugged his shoulders.

"I expect she was glad enough to get a home on any terms, poor little soul," he said.

"She fainted when you discovered the fact of the murder, I think?"

"Dead off—but only for a second or two! I had hardly begun to loosen her collar when she sat up and spoke."

"Nothing serious, then. And now do you suppose that Miss Dean will see me? I don't imagine that there is much she can tell. Still I should like to put two or three questions immediately."

"Why not?" Sir Auriol returned. "And, by-the-way, I'd better make myself scarce in the meantime. This is the one available private room."

Certainly Miss Dean, when by-and-by she came in, struck me as one of the strangest-looking women I had ever beheld. The first thought that crossed my mind was one of wonder as to whether Miss Richardson could possibly have interviewed this uninviting-looking creature before engaging her as a companion. Short and stout in figure, and afflicted with what was evidently a stiff knee, her face was still the least prepossessing part of her. Her entire want of eye-brows gave a queer questioning expression to the countenance, while she wore faintly-tinted spectacles to protect from too strong a light a pair of eyes with bleared and reddened under lids. Her nose was good, almost pert, and her chin was still round enough to make me fancy that at one time she might have prided herself upon her share of good looks. If however she had ever had any claim to beauty, the enlarged cheek, together with the absolute yellowness of complexion and the loss of several front teeth, altogether to deprived her of it now. As she dragged herself painfully forward, and at last sank exhausted into a chair, I found myself echoing Rainton's pitying exclamation—

"Poor little soul!"

"Indeed I have nothing at all to say, Mr. Fergusson," she burst out at once. "I told the coroner everything. I wish I had known more, to give some clue to the whereabouts of that wretched sinner."

Something in her voice or manner jarred upon me. I could scarcely say what made me do it; but I said, quite suddenly and calmly—

"Oh, but we are by no means certain yet, you know, that Mary Smith actually committed the crime!"

Miss Dean started violently, and flashed such a look through the darkened spectacles that my supposition as to her former good looks was strengthened a hundred per cent.

"What do you mean?" she inquired.

"Exactly what I say, madam. In spite of the coroner's verdict, I, for one, am by no means convinced as to Mary Smith's guilt. Will you be kind enough to describe how you found the fastenings of the doors and windows on Monday morning, when you examined them?"

The companion had recovered herself by now.

"Sir Auriol and a policeman, whom he had fetched, were with me. They both gave evidence at the inquest. We all three were able to declare that no window or door was open or unfastened, except the front door. On that there is a peculiar lock which fastens itself when the door is closed, so that it cannot be opened from the outside. The bolts were withdrawn however that morning, and——"

"But how did Sir Auriol leave the house to find the constable?" I interrupted, at this point.

"By the front door. That was when we first observed that the inside bars were removed; and we at once concluded that the murderess must have escaped that way, shutting the door quietly after her."

"We won't call her a murderess just yet, if you please. How can one be certain that the door had not been left ajar overnight, and that some one did not enter, do the work for which he came, and then leave?"

"Taking Mary with him? Besides, I made those bolts secure myself at eight o'clock, just after my return from church."

Of course I had known that my suggestion was an impossible one. I had only made it to find out what Miss Dean would say; and I had had my answer.

"You never heard a sound all night long?"

"Never! I slept the whole time. Perhaps I ought to tell you that I am a rather heavy sleeper."

I waited for a moment to think. Everything at present seemed rather a dead-lock. Then I said—

"How long have you lived with Miss Richardson?"

She raised her eye-brows somewhat superciliously.

"Just a fortnight."

"Where were you residing before that time?"

She colored, even so faintly, probably with anger at my display of curiosity.

"Really that can scarcely be your business. However I do not mind admitting that I crossed from America about two months ago in order to get work in England, that I lodged in two or three different houses in London during the first six weeks, and that ultimately I found this engagement."

"Thank you. Of course you had references?"

"Written testimonials. I gave them to Miss Richardson and I have not seen them since."

"Your London addresses, please?"

Again she seemed surprised. However after a moment or two of consideration she gave them.

"20, Newpole Street; Leveridge Road: 3, Crompton Terrace. I hope you are satisfied now?"

"And the name of the steamer by which you crossed?"

Again there was a pause for thought.

"The Fleetoar," she replied at last. "And now, Mr. Fergusson, perhaps you will tell me something."

I bowed.

"Anything in my power," I began; but she cut me short.

"There is no time for civilities," she said peremptorily. All through the interview I had been struck by the contrast between her slip-shod humble appearance, and her sharp, almost commanding manner. "I have to quit this house within ten minutes to catch the train. What I wish to know is very simple. Can I leave England?"

It was my turn to feel astonished now, not so much at the idea, but at her candid mention of it.

"Certainly, if you choose. Why not?" I said. "But you will be liable at any moment, in case of Mary Smith's arrest to be called back to give your evidence at the trial. That you understand?"

She gave a plaintive sigh, and then she cried—

"Oh, I must go! All my friends are there. I know no one in England! Not even the kind people who furnished me with those written testimonials are alive now, Mr. Fergusson"—with a faint smile. "it is so dreadfully lonely that I cannot bear it; I must risk a recall. Thank you so much for easing my mind. And now, if you have quite finished with me, good-bye."

Once more I was surprised when, with a gracious little movement, she held out to me a hand encased in an old dingy brown kid glove. She was the strangest mixture of middle-aged oddity and almost coquettish youthfulness that I had ever beheld.

Then she departed; and three minutes afterwards I saw her, with her painful limping gait, step into the fly which was to convey her and Sir Auriol to the railway. I wondered for how far on the journey they were to be companions.

I glanced at my watch as they drove away. There would be plenty of time for me to walk to the station before their train left; and I had a fancy to see them really off. Perhaps I was inquisitive as to the class by which Miss Dean would travel; perhaps—— At any rate, after requesting the disconsolate Mrs. Wetherill to delay my chop for half an hour, I followed in the wake of the conveyance.

The train was punctual, for a wonder; it was actually starting as I dashed through the tiny booking-office. But I was able to set at rest one question at least. There was the companion, with her dowdy blue bonnet and veil, at the window of a third-class compartment, while Sir Auriol was, with the aid of the guard, only just scrambling into a first-class carriage. The two had departed already, then.

"Where does the train next stop?" I asked the surly station-master.

He looked at me as though I had been guilty of an indiscretion in making the inquiry.

"It's the express to Bristol," he said, turning on his heel and shuffling off.

Thereupon I marched as straight as my ignorance of by-ways permitted to the post-office, whence I despatched two telegrams in cipher. One was to the chief constable at Bristol, and the other to Scotland Yard.

Then, at last, I found time for my long-deferred meal, as well as for my speculations in the course of it as to my chances of winning the two rewards already offered for the capture of Miss Richardson's murderer—five hundred pounds from the Government, and a thousand from Sir Auriol Rainton! It would be a nice help towards furnishing that little nest which I had so often planned to make ready some day for my dainty bird.

CHAPTER III.

UP THE hill that leads to Scotton Castle, Lord Zillwood's place, two pretty gray ponies are leisurely walking. No need indeed is there that they should hurry, since the girl sitting behind them, with the reins held rather too loosely in her gloved fingers—the girl with the great wistful brown eyes, timid and liquid as a stag's, and with the dark smooth hair coiled in heavy plaits about her head—seems so perfectly content that they should choose their own time and pace.

Very often does Easter Jaxon wonder how she would ever be able to bear the worries and disagreeables of home-life at Rockleigh, were it not for the rest and refreshment always to be found at Scotton. And long since has she come to the conclusion that but for Una's love, of which the frequent loan of the gray ponies is but one proof among many, she could not endure the overbearing pride and insolence of the young step-mother whom, about two years ago, Mr. Jaxon brought home from nobody knows where, to set over his two younger daughters and his household.

Out here, in the calm gray November afternoon, all is quiet and peaceful. Jarring voices and sneering faces seem equally far away. The dainty carriage rolls smoothly along, and Easter feels not the least disposition to hurry the lazy little animals, Smut and Tinker, in their climb.

From a drawing-room window at the Castle however a pair of merry bright eyes are already watching her approach, while a gay voice makes comments upon the manner of it.

"Trust Easter not to use the whip," laughs Nina Carnegie, the plainest and most popular young married woman of the neighborhood, and Lady Zillwood's especial friend and confidante. She, with her husband and sister, is at present staying at the Castle, where the whole party find themselves very much at home. "I don't believe she knows how; and if she did she'd be frightened to put her knowledge into practice."

"It's a perfect misfortune to be as timid as she is," responds the charming Countess with a little sigh. "She won't trust herself in the Rockleigh carriages at all, since Lilith has had the choice of the horses."

"For which I, for one, don't blame her," declares Nina. "Such brutes as Mrs. Jaxon drives are not safe. They really are not, Una. Somebody ought to speak to her. Warn her that she'll be tumbled into a hedge or something one day, and have her beauty spoiled, which—excuse me, my dear—is your step-mother's only recommendation."

"Oh, don't consider my feelings!"—with a rippling laugh.

"Here's Easter at last," says Nina, as she leaves her post of observation, and draws a chair close to the fire.

Una rises gracefully from her low chair, and trails her tea-gown of terra-cotta plush over the floor towards the door, which, as Mrs. Carnegie speaks, the butler has thrown open to announce Miss Jaxon.

"You dear little frog!" Mrs. Carnegie cries caressingly, kissing the soft cheeks into which the chill air has brought only the faintest tinge of rose, and drawing off the thick driving gauntlets. "Your nose is as red as my new go-to-meeting bonnet, Easter; what made you dawdle so, child?"

The girls allow herself to be greeted by the other two ladies before she answers.

"It was deliciously soothing to have to hear nothing and say nothing, she declares, as she seats herself, her languid sweet tone making the voices of the rest sound almost harsh by contrast. "What's the time, Una? Only four!"—as she glances at the clock. "Oh, be charitable, and let us have tea early! I'm longing for some."

"And I," promptly adds Pearl McArthur, "though I didn't think it polite to mention it before. How is Major Montgomery, Easter?"

There is a general laugh, in which Easter herself joins.

"The little horror! What can have induced father to invite the man to stay at Rockleigh I cannot imagine! One of Lilith's devices, I suppose."

"He's awfully wrapped up in you, Easter," Nina says. "At dinner last night he took me in, you know; and not a syllable could I get out of him but Miss Jaxon this and Miss Jaxon that! You ought to be very much flattered, my dear."

Easter pouts.

"I abhor him," she says emphatically.

"And have Mrs. Jaxon's new gloves arrived from Paris?" asks Pearl. "I never knew a woman so devoted to gloves as your admired step-parent, Una. It's an actual mania!"

"They came this morning—a regular chestful—two dozen dozen! They were of all sorts, lengths, and shades. I saw the bill too. And to think they will last, at the very longest, only six months!" Easter replies, with a shrug.

"Wicked extravagance!" cries Nina. "What was the damage, child?"

"You'd never believe it! I wouldn't, if I had not seen it with my own two eyes. Close on two hundred pounds!"

Pearl gives a sigh of pretended rapture.

"Four hundred a year for gloves! Who would not be a rich widow!" she exclaims. "By-the-way, Easter, what was the name of her first husband? All those years I've never heard."

"Nor I," says Easter, just as though she were making the most ordinary statement in the world. "Not one of us ever discovered, did we, Nina?"

Lady Zillwood shakes her head.

"I doubt if the pater himself was ever sure of it," she laughs. "However,

> 'Whence she came and how she fared
> Nobody knows and nobody cared!'

I'm sure, at least, I for one don't care. Ah, the tea-pot! Now for a regular 'booze,' as Caryl says when he's vulgarly inclined."

She measures the tea out of the pretty brass caddy into the still prettier brass tea-pot.

"How do you like my Moorish service, Nina? I bought the things yesterday at that place in Regent street. Are they not quaint? By-the-way, Easter, has Mrs. Jaxon yet found a maid to her mind?"

Easter makes a selection from the seductive-looking sweets on the table.

"Never will, I believe. Of course, having to be from home for three weeks and more rather hindered the matter. But—"

"How you must have blessed that ancient relative that was ill!" interrupts Pearl, who takes not the least interest in Lilith's servant difficulties. "Where did she live, and what was wrong?"

"Lancashire! Old age! I wish it had lasted," says Easter, rather vaguely. "The house was a paradise without Mrs. Jaxon. But just as suddenly as she went she returned; and we were found deploring!"

They all laugh at the girl's mournful tone.

"I don't suppose she knows how to write," malicious little Easter goes on, "for not one scrap did anybody receive from her during her absence. And you may fancy the state that the pater was in when he got back from Valencia and found her gone. She, like an idiot, had altogether omitted to give any address in the note which she left behind for his benefit, and he hadn't the ghost of a notion in what part of Lancashire to look for her. Altogether he had a bad time of it. However she came back last week; and now we remember with grateful feelings the happy time when we had the privilege of missing her!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW SPOOLS ARE MADE.—At Drummondville, on the St. Francis River, Canada, on the line of the northern division of the South-End Railway, there are large factories for making spools from white birch, which grows in profusion there. The farmers get from two dollars fifty cents to three dollars per cord for the wood, which, after being delivered to the factories, is first sawn into pieces about four feet long, and from an inch to an inch and a half square, according to the size of the spool it is desired to make. These pieces are put into a stove and thoroughly dried, whence they are taken into the factory and given to the roughers, who in a short space of time bore a hole in the centre two inches deep, turn about the same space round, and then cut off the length required for a spool. The machines used for this purpose are revolving planers in the centre of which is a revolving gimlet or bit, and immediately to the right a small circular saw, with a gauge set to the proper size for the spools.

Bric-a-Brac.

A MUSICAL WATCH.—A musical watch about the size of an egg is now exhibited in St. Petersburg which performs a religious chant, with scenic accompaniments. Within is a representation of Christ with the Roman sentinels. On pressing a spring the stone rolls from the tomb, the sentinels fall down, the angels appear, and the holy women enter the sepulchre, and the same chant which is sung in the Greek Church on Easter Eve is actually performed. The watch was made by an ingenious peasant during the reign of Catharine of Russia.

ORIGIN OF DUNNING.—During the reign of Henry VII. there lived in Lincoln, England, a famous bailiff named Joe Dunn. Joseph was very clever in the management of his business, and so dexterous in annoying those who refused the payment of an account with which he had been intrusted that, "to set Dunn on him," or "to Dunn him," became common advice to the owner of a bad debt. To this personage we owe what to not a few people is one of the most disagreeable words in the language.

CASH AND CREDIT.—An enterprising grocer in the town of Santa Clara, California, has adopted an orginal method of trade. Each side of the store is fitted up for business on its own account. In the general arrangement each side is a duplicate of the other, the difference being that one side is for cash and the other for credit. When a customer comes in, the first question asked is, "Do you wish to buy for cash or on account?" If it is a cash customer, the goods and prices on each side are shown; but if it is one who wants credit, he is shown to the other side, and for the first time in his life perhaps made to realize the value of ready money.

QUAKER MARRIAGES.—The rules of the Society of Friends have been recently relaxed in order to allow of what are called mixed marriages being solemnized at their meeting houses. The peculiarity of the marriage ceremony is that no minister or officer interferes. The marriage vow is repeated by the bride and bridegroom standing up, after a short interval of silence, in front of the congregation. A ring is generally put on after the actual ceremony is finished, in deference to ancient custom, which the rules of the society have not been strong enough to break through. A certificate recording the actual words used by the newly-married couple, and giving a description of their parentage, is then signed, first in presence of the meeting by the bride and bridegroom, and then by a number of their friends, and is afterwards read aloud to the meeting.

NAMES.—The Duchess of Cleveland seems to have achieved a great success with her "Battle Abbey Roll," on which she has been engaged for some years. Many matters of interest are contained in the three volumes. A curious instance is quoted from Camden by the Duchess, to show the freedom with which, at any early period, family names were treated, in the story of William Belward, the Cheshire knight. His sons and grandsons altered their names in respect of habitation, to Egerton, Colgrave, and Overton; in respect of color, to Gough, which means red; in respect of learning, to Kenclarke, and as to quality, to Goodman; in respect of stature to Little, and one to the name of Richardson, all of them being really Belwards. It is a much easier and cheaper process for a man or a family to change their names at the present day, than many suppose; a trifling registration fee is all that is required.

A JAPANESE WEDDING.—A Japanese wedding must be a very melancholy affair. In Japan it is not good form for the bride to admit that she enjoys the prospect of getting married, and, therefore, when she is told about it three or four days before the event, she is expected to set up a loud bellowing and keep it up day and night until the ceremony comes on. After she has been richly dressed for the occasion, she is expected to hang back and shriek, and make a show of resisting her attendant's efforts to lead her to the bridegroom. This hollow farce is kept up by one of the bridesmaids finally throwing a veil over the bride's face, while an old hag takes her on her back and carries her to a sedan chair waiting at the door to take her to the bridegroom's mansion. When she arrives there she is a wife, the simple ride in a flowery chair having the mystic power of transforming her into a married woman From that time she begins to brighten up.

"HAS BEEN."

BY E. W. W.

That melancholy phrase, "It might have been,"
However sad, doth in its heart enfold
A hidden germ of promise; for I hold
Whatever might have been shall be. Through sin
Some other realm and life, the soul must win
The goal that erst was possible. But cold
And cruel as the sound of the frozen mould
Dropped on a coffin are the words "has been,"
"She has been beautiful," "he has been great,"
"Rome has been powerful," we sigh and say.
It is the pitying crust we toss decay,
The dirge we breathe o'er some degenerate state,
An epitaph for Fame's unburied dead.
God pity those who live to hear it said!

A Woman's Trust.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY OLIVIA," "GWEN DALES' ORDEAL," "MOLLY'S MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE announcement of the engagement between Lord Anchester and Lady Eleanor Dallas had appeared in the society papers a month ago, and the world of the upper ten had expended its congratulations, and was asking itself when the wedding was to take place; for it was agreed on all hands that so excellent and altogether desirable a match could not take place too soon.

"He has been dreadfully wild, I'm told, my dear," said one gossip to another, "and is as poor as a church mouse, but there is plenty of money on her side; indeed, they say that lately she has become fabulously rich, so that will be all right. Of course she might have done better, but everybody knows she was ridiculously fond of him, oh, quite too ridiculously—gave herself away in fact; and she goes about looking so happy and victorious that it is really quite indecent."

"That is more than can be said of the bridegroom elect," remarked gossip No. 2, "for he looks as grave as a judge and as grim as an undertaker. The mere prospect of matrimony seems to have taken all the spirits out of him. Not like the same man, I assure you, my dear!"

It was autumn now; the greenery of the trees had turned to russet and yellow gold; a mystic stillness brooded softly over the country lanes; the yellow corn waved sleepily in the soft breezes; the blackberries darkened the thick hedgerows; and on the roads lay, not thickly as yet, but in twos and threes, the leaves of the oak and the chestnut. An air of repose and quietude reigned over the land, as if nature almost tired of the sun and the heat, and the multitudinous noises of summer were taking a short nap to prepare for the rigor and robust energy of winter.

In one of the loveliest of our country lanes stood a village school. It was a picturesque little building of white stone with red tiles; the tiny school-house adjoining it was so overgrown by ivy as to resemble a green bower. There was a meadow at the back, and an orchard in which the golden and ruddy apples were almost as thick as the blackberries in the lane. Everything in and about this school was the picture of neatness. The curtains of white and pink muslin were exquisitely clean, and artistically draped behind the diamond-paned windows; the door sills were as white as marble; the tiny brass knocker on the school-house door shone like a newly minted sovereign. Not a weed showed its head in the small garden, which literally glowed with single and double dahlias, sweet-scented stocks, and many colored chrysanthemums. There was a little gate in the closely cropped hedge which was painted a snowy white; in short, the tiny domain made a picture which Millais, or Marcus Stone, would have delighted to transfer to canvas.

From the open door of the school there issued a hum and a buzz which resembles that which proceeds from a beehive, for afternoon school was still on, and the pupils were busy at their lessons.

The village—it was rather more than half a mile from the school—was that of Newfold; a quiet, sleepy little place which not even the restless tourist seems to have discovered, a small cluster of houses with an inn, a church, and a couple of shops, lying in the hollow between the two ranges of Lancashire hills. A Londoner would tell you that Newfold was at least two hundred years behind the times, but if it be so Newfold does not care. There is enough ploughing and wood cutting in winter, enough sowing and tilling in spring, enough harvesting in the autumn to keep the kettle boiling, and Newfold is quite content. Some day one of those individuals who discover such places will happen on it, and write an article about it, and attract attention to it, and so ruin it; but he hasn't chanced to come along yet, and oh, let us pray that he may keep off it for a long while; for Newfolds are getting scarcer every year, and soon, if we do not take care, England will become one vast hideous plain of bricks and mortar, and there will be no place in which we can take refuge from the fogs and smoke of the great towns.

In another quarter of an hour school would "break up," and the girls were standing up singing the evening hymn which brought the day's work to a close. In the centre of the room stood a pleasant fair-haired young lady, whose eyes, mild and gentle as they were, seemed to be overlooking the whole room; on a small platform stood another young lady with dark hair and gray eyes. These were the two mistresses of the Newfold Girls' School, and their names were Leslie Lisle and Lucy Somes.

Life is not all clouds and rain, thank God! The sun shines sometimes, and the sun of good luck had shone upon Leslie and Lucy. It was good luck that they should both pass the much dreaded examination, that ordeal to which they had looked forward with such fear and trembling; it was good luck that there should be two appointments vacant; but, oh, it was the superlative of luck that these appointments should be to the same school, and that the school should be here in peaceful, pastoral Newfold!

It seemed to Leslie as if misfortune had grown tired of buffeting her, and had decided to leave her alone for awhile. She could scarcely believe her ears when Lucy Somes ran into her room at Torrington Square with the news that they were to be sent to the same school, and in her beloved county. Of course influence had been used in high quarters by Lucy's people, but Lucy persisted that luck had more to do with it than anything else, and that Leslie had brought the good fortune. And it did not lessen Lucy's happiness that Leslie, having obtained the most marks at the examination, was given the post of head mistress, and that she, Lucy, was to be her subordinate.

"It is quite right, dear," she said brightly and contentedly. "Of course you ought to be the first; anyone could see that at half a glance. You are ten times quicker and cleverer than I; and, besides, if we are to be together—and, oh, how delightful it is to think that we are!—I would a thousand times rather you were the principal."

"We will both be head mistress, Lucy!" Leslie had said as, with tears in her eyes, she had put her arms round the good-natured girl and kissed her.

They had only been four days at the school, but, short as the time had been, they had grown fond of it, fond of the work and the children, and who can tell how fond and proud of their little house that nestled against the school building!

Lucy was like a child in her unrestrained joy and delight, and if Leslie took their good fortune more quietly she was not lacking in gratitude. In this new life she would not only find peace, please God, but work, work that in time might bring her forgetfulness of the past; and this forgetfulness for which she prayed nightly was as much of happiness as she dared hope for. The lily that has been beaten down by the storm may live and bloom still, but the chances are that it will never again rear its stately head as of old.

The evening hymn was finished, Leslie shook the bell on the desk before her, and in her sweet voice said, "Good afternoon, children;" and with an answering, "Good afternoon, teachers," the children trooped out.

Lucy went and stood beside Leslie, and watched the happy throng as it ran laughing and shouting into the meadow.

"How happy they are, Leslie! And how good, too! I am sure they are the best children in the world. And many of them are so pretty and rosy, and they are all healthy—all excepting two or three. I should hate to have a school full of sickly undergrown children, all peevish, and weary, and discontented; but all ours are cheerful and willing."

"They would find it hard to be otherwise where you are, Lucy," said Leslie, looking at the happy face with a loving smile.

"Oh, yes, I'm cheerful enough!" said Lucy, laughing and blushing. "I'm just running over with happiness and contentment; but I'm afraid that they wouldn't get on very fast if I were quite alone with them. They wouldn't mind me enough. Now you——"

"Are they afraid of me?" said Leslie smiling.

"No, no," Lucy hastened to respond. "Afraid, no, no; but they look up to you and think more of your good opinion already. Oh, I can see that, short as the time has been. They were quite right up in London in making you the head mistress, dear. Are you tired, Leslie? It has been rather hot for the time of year, and the children, good as they are, make a noise. Does your head ache? I'm afraid you will find it rather trying at first."

"I am not tired, and my head doesn't ache in the least," said Leslie; "and why should I, more than you, find it trying, Lucy? And, dear, I want you to let me have the English history class; you have got more than your share. Did you think that I should not notice it? I believe you would do all the work if I would let you, you greedy girl!"

Lucy blushed—she blushed on the slightest provocation.

"I don't want you to work too hard, Leslie," she said. "You are not strong yet, not nearly so strong as I am, and you feel this awful grinding for that examination more than I did because you were not used to it, and had to do it in a shorter time; and so I am going to take care of you."

Leslie laughed.

"Why, I could lift you up and carry you round the room, little girl!" she said, in loving banter, "and it is I who have to take care of you. But we'll take care of each other, Lucy; and now let us go in to tea."

They went into the little house, where the small maid, who was housemaid, parlor-maid, and cook rolled into one, had set out the tea in the cosy parlor, fragrant with the musk and mignonette which bloomed in the window box, and Lucy looked round with a sigh of ineffable content.

"Isn't it delicious, Leslie?" she exclaimed, with bated breath. "I feel like Robinson Crusoe."

"Robinson Crusoe with everything ready made for him and all the luxuries," said Leslie, laughingly.

"Yes, that's what I mean!" assented Lucy, naively. "All through I looked forward to something like this, but my dreams never reached anything half so delightful. For one thing, I never dreamed that I should have you for a companion and friend. I thought that there would be sure to be a thorn in my bed of roses, and that that thorn would probably take the shape of a disagreeable head mistress, some horrid, middle-aged, disagreeable person who would be always complaining and scolding. But you! Mother wrote that I must have exaggerated just to please her when I described the school and told her what you were like; but I didn't exaggerate a bit. Oh, Leslie——" she stopped, with a slice of bread and butter half way to her mouth, "do you think we are too happy; that something will happen to spoil it all?"

Leslie smiled.

"I think not," she said. "It is only those who don't deserve to be happy whose happiness doesn't last; now you, Lucy—but give me some more tea, and don't try and croak, because you make the most awful failure of it."

Lucy's face wreathed itself into its wonted smile again.

"I wonder whether there are two happier girls in all the world than you and I, Leslie?" she said. "What shall we do this evening; go for a walk? You haven't been into the village yet. Will you come? It is such a pretty, quaint, little place, with the tiniest and most delightful church you ever saw. Isn't it strange that we should be pitchforked down here, into a place we know nothing about, and never heard of? It is like Robinson Crusoe again! I hope the natives will not be savage!"

Leslie looked up from the copybooks she was examining.

"We shall have very little to do with the natives, savage or friendly, Lucy," she said.

"Of course not," assented Lucy, cheerfully, "I suppose the clergyman's wife will call—oh, I forgot, he said the first morning he came to read prayers that he wasn't married—and the squire's lady will drive up in a carriage and pair, and walk through the school with her eyeglasses up; but no one else will come to bother us. You see," she ran on, as she jumped up to water the flowers in the window, "school teachers are supposed to be neither fish, flesh, nor fowl—and not very good red herring. People don't visit them."

"That is good news for two school teachers, at any rate," said Leslie, smiling.

Lucy laughed.

"Yes! We don't want anybody, do we, dear? You and I together can be quite happy without the rest of the world. And now about our walk. Shall we go, Leslie?"

Leslie seemed to think for a moment, then she said—

"I don't think I will this evening, Lucy. I will stay and go over these books; but you shall go on a voyage of discovery and bring me back a full, true, and particular account of your adventures."

"No, no! I'll stay," began Lucy, but Leslie looked up at her with the expression Lucy had learnt to know so well. "Very well, dear," she said gently, "I will just run into the village and order some things we want, and come straight back. And, mind, you are not to do all those copybooks, or I shall feel hurt and injured."

Leslie worked away at her exercise books for some little time, then she drew a chair up to the window, and, letting her hands lie in her lap, enjoyed the rest which she had earned by a day's hard, but not unpleasant, toil. As she sat there looking out dreamily at the lane, which the setting sun was filling with a golden haze, she felt very much like the hermit of St. Martin. She had refused to go down to the village with Lucy from choice, and not from any sense of duty towards the exercise books.

She felt that she and the world had, so to speak, done with each other, and she shrank from encountering new faces and the necessity of talking to strangers. If Fate would let her live out her life in this simple village she would be content to confine herself to the little garden surrounding it, and, perhaps, to the meadow beyond.

With her children and her flowers she was convinced that she could be, if not happy, at any rate not discontented. She had lived her life, young as she was. Fate could give her no joy to equal that which Yorke's love (or fancied love!) had given; nor could it deal out to her a more bitter sorrow than the loss of Yorke and her father! So let Lucy act as a go-between betwixt her and the outer world, and she, Leslie, would work when she could, and when she could not, would live over again in her mind and memory that happy past which had been summed up in a few all too brief days.

Of Yorke she had heard nothing. She had never read a society paper in her life, and was not likely to have seen one during the last brief month, so that she knew nothing of the engagement between him and Lady Eleanor Dallas.

And if she had known, if she had chanced to have read the paragraphs in which the betrothal was announced and commented on, she would not have identified Lord Anchester with Yorke, "the Duke of Rothbury," as she thought him. Sometimes—this evening, for instance—she wondered, with the dull, aching pain which always oppressed her whenever she thought of him, where he had gone, and whether he still remembered her; whether he regretted the "flirtation" he had carried on with "the girl at Portmaris," or whether he only laughed over it—perhaps with the dark, handsome woman, the Finetta to whom he had gone back.

The sun had set behind the hills, and the twilight had crept over the scene before the little white gate clicked, and Lucy came hurrying up the path.

"Did you think I was lost, Leslie?" she said, with a laugh.

Leslie looked round, and though it was nearly dark in the room, she saw that Lucy's eyes were particularly bright, and that there was a flush on her cheeks which did not appear to have been caused by her haste.

"It sounds very unkind, but I was not thinking of you, dear," she said. "It is late, I suppose. Where have you been?"

Lucy came up to the window, tossing her straw hat and light jacket on the sofa as she passed.

"Leslie, you said something about adventures when I was starting."

"Did I?" said Leslie. "And have you had any? Let me look at you. You look flushed and excited. What is it, Lucy?"

"Yes, I have had an adventure," she said, her honest, guileless eyes drooping for a moment, then lifting themselves candidly to Leslie's again. "But let me begin at the beginning, as children say. Leslie, you must go and see the village. It is the dearest little place in all the world, and just like one of the pictures one sees at the

Academy. You will want to sketch it the moment you see it, I know! Well, I went to the shop—oh, the funniest shop you ever saw! You go down two steps into it, and even then it is only just high enough for you to stand up in. And they sell everything, tapes, treacle, soap, snuff, laces, brooms, everything! and the woman who keeps it is the mother of one of our girls, and she made over so much of me, and sent her best respects to you, 'the beautiful teacher,' as she said the girls all called you."

"It is all fiction or only the last sentence, Lucy?" said Leslie.

"My dear Leslie, I have heard them call you so myself!" said Lucy. "I went to the butcher—the butcher is one of nature's noblemen and took my order for four pounds of chops as if I were a princess ordering a whole sheep—and then I went out into the country beyond, and if I were to tell you what I think of it you would say I was exaggerating."

"Which you never do, of course," put in Leslie gravely.

"It is simply heavenly," continued Lucy, ignoring the insinuation. "Such lovely meadows and tree-covered hills; and there is a delicious river full of trout, so a man who was working close by said. Can you throw a fly, Leslie? I can, and I will teach you. It is the jolliest thing in the world, fishing. And when I got to the opening out of the valley, I saw a tremendous house, a great white place on the brow of a hill. It took me quite by surprise, for I had no idea that there were any great people living near us—well, not exactly near, for they must be four or five miles off. I asked a man who lived there, and he said that it belonged to a lady—Lady—There! I have forgotten the name after all, and I wanted to remember it to tell you."

"Never mind," said Leslie.

"She is an awfully great lady, and tremendously rich, my informant said. I wish I could remember the name! It was rather a pretty one. Well, then——" she paused a moment and her color came and went. "I thought I would rest for a little while, and I sat down on a big stone up a little grassy lane, and while I was sitting there as quiet as a mouse I heard the sound of horse's hoofs on the short turf, and so suddenly that it made me jump, a huge horse came galloping up. He saw me and shied—goodness, how he shied! I thought the man on his back must be thrown, but he sat him like—like a rock. But he swore—I don't think he saw me at first, Leslie, in fact, I am sure he didn't, for when he did he raised his hat, as if to apologize for the bad word, and then rode on."

"Is that all?" said Leslie with a smile; "I thought that you were going to say, at the very least, that he stooped down and caught you up—and that you would have been carried off into captivity but for a gallant young man who ran up and seized the horse, &c."

"Leslie!" remonstrated Lucy, laughing and blushing. "He didn't stop a moment to speak, of course, but rode on straight away. But Leslie, you never saw such a handsome man, or such a sad looking one."

"The Knight of the Woful Countenance," said Leslie.

Lucy laughed, but rather gravely.

"Well, if you had seen him I don't think you would have laughed, Leslie; he looked so wretched and weary and—I don't know exactly how to describe it—so reckless. He seemed as if he didn't care where he was riding or whether the horse kept straight on or fell."

"So that he kept straight on and didn't fall on or run over you, it is all right," said Leslie. "But, Lucy dear, I don't think you must be out so late and alone again, especially if there are reckless young men riding about the roads and lanes."

"Yes," said Lucy. "But—but I haven't come to the end of my adventures yet, Leslie."

"Not yet?"

"No," said Lucy, almost shyly. "Of course I was rather startled by that horse thundering by—it was so very big, and it passed so near, almost on to me you know—and I suppose I must have called out;" she blushed. "It was very girlish, I know, and I know you wouldn't have done so."

"Don't be too sure! Did the knight come back, Lucy?"

"No, no," and the blush grew more furious. "Of course he did not; I don't suppose he heard me, but someone else did, for there came up, the moment afterwards, a gentleman——"

"Not another on horseback, Lucy? Don't be too prodigal of your mounted heroes."

Lucy laughed.

"No, this one was not on horseback. He was walking, and was quite a different looking man to the other, though he was nearly, yes nearly, as good-looking."

"Two handsome young men in one evening; isn't that rather an unfair allowance?" bantered Leslie.

Lucy smiled.

"I knew you would make fun of it all, Leslie," she said, "and I don't mind in the least. I like to hear you. And after all there was nothing serious in it."

"I should hope not, Lucy!"

"Leslie! You really don't deserve that I should tell you any more; you don't indeed!"

"Pray don't punish me so severely," responded Leslie. "My banter only conceals an overpowering curiosity. What did the second stranger say or do?"

"Well, he said—and he couldn't say much less, could he?—'Are you hurt?'"

"How you must have screamed! I suppose if I had been listening I should have heard you even more."

"And of course I said 'No,'" continued Lucy, severely ignoring this remark; "and that I had only been a little startled by the horse. He asked me if I knew who it was, and when I said 'No,' he looked as if he were going to tell me; instead, he asked if I knew the way to the railway station."

"Now don't say that you told him, and that he raised his hat and went off," said Leslie, with mock earnestness.

Lucy laughed, but said shyly—

"Well, I told him, but he didn't go—just at once. He asked me one or two other questions, which was the nearest village, and so on, and, of course, I had to admit that I was a stranger, and then we both laughed, or rather he smiled, for he seemed very grave and preoccupied. I think that he was a lawyer, or something of that sort. He looked like a business man. And presently he said, as if according for his being there, that he had walked from White Place—that was the house on the hillside—and that he was going back to London and—and—— Well, that's all!"

"Are you quite sure that was all?" asked Leslie, with burlesque severity.

Lucy's fair face flushed.

"Y-e-s. Oh, I'd got a fern root in my hand—I meant to put it in the garden below the window—and he noticed it, and said that he wished they had them in London, and—— Well, I offered it to him——"

"Lucy!"

Lucy jumped up.

"Really, truly, and honestly, Leslie, I did it without thinking! And he took it at once without any fuss or nonsense. You see he was a gentleman!" she added, with delicious simplicity.

Leslie shook her head with a smile.

"It is all too evident that you are not to be trusted out alone, my child," she said. "Why, Lucy!"—for something like tears had begun to glitter in Lucy's gentle eyes—"why, you silly girl, I am only in fun! Why should you not direct a stranger to the railway station, and why shouldn't you give him the fern he coveted—poor smoke-dried Londoner? There was nothing wrong in it!"

"You are quite sure, Leslie? Afterwards—afterwards as I was walking home it seemed to me that I had perhaps, been—unladylike," the awful word left her lips in a horrified whisper.

"My dear, you couldn't be if you tried!" said Leslie, with quiet decision. "Now, run and put your things away, and we will talk it all over again while we are having supper. Unladylike!"—she took the gentle, "good" looking face in her hands and kissed it. "You are very clever, Lucy, but that is the only thing you could never attain to."

They sat for a long time over their simple meal, talking of their school, discussing the various capacities of the pupils, arranging classes, and so on, and once or twice Leslie alluded laughingly to Lucy's "adventures," and declared that she did not believe a word of them, and that Lucy had invented the whole to amuse her, little suspecting that the big house Lucy had seen was the famous White Place belonging to Lady Eleanor Dallas, that the horseman was Lord Yorke Auchester, and that the sedate stranger, who looked like a lawyer and who had walked off with Lucy's fern, was Ralph Duncombe!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LADY ELEANOR was happy, and unlike a great many persons was not ashamed to admit that she was.

"Why should I be ashamed, or try to hide my joy?" she said to Lady Denby, who remarked her niece's high spirits and her evident satisfaction with her own condition and the world in general. "I am happy, happy, happy! and everyone may know it."

"They do know it, my dear," said Lady Denby, dryly.

"And they are welcome to!" retorted Lady Eleanor laughingly. "I consider myself the luckiest girl in the world. I am young, not hideous plain, rich; very rich Mr. Duncombe says—by the way, aunt, you will be very careful not to mention his name in Yorke's hearing!—and I am going to marry the man I have been in love with ever since I was so high. I wake in the middle of the night, and I am glad to wake, and I tell myself all this over and over again; it seems too good to be true, sometimes, but I know it is all true when the morning comes. Oh, yes, I am happy at last!"

"And Yorke is very happy, too?" said Lady Denby, and the moment after the question had left her lips she was sorry she had asked it, and hastened to add, "But of course he is! Men generally look surly when they are particularly happy, I have noticed; just as they invariably blow their noses when they want to cry."

"Why shouldn't he be happy?" said Lady Eleanor after a pause; her face had grown almost grave and looked troubled. "As you say, men don't go about as if they were dancing to music as we women do, and they don't sing as we do; and—and—if Yorke is not boisterous—Why did you say that?" she demanded suddenly, changing her tone and turning upon Lady Denby anxiously, and nearly angrily. "Do you think he looks dissatisfied—as if—as if he were sorry?"

"My dear child, your love for that young fellow is softening your brain," responded Lady Denby quickly. "Of course I have noticed nothing. He is quiet, but I suppose most men who are on the brink of matrimony are quiet. They hear the clanking of their chains as they are being forged, and are thinking of the time when they will be riveted upon them; no man really likes being married——"

"There shall be no chains for Yorke," said Lady Eleanor softly, "or if there must be, then I will cover them with velvet! You shall see! You shall see!"

Certainly Yorke did not go about as if to invisible music, or sing as he went. And he was, as Lady Denby put it, quiet—very quiet. But if he was not boisterous he was everything else that a woman could desire in her betrothed. He spent a portion of each day at Kensington Palace Gardens. He was always ready to accompany Lady Eleanor to the park, the theatres, concerts, balls, and even shopping; indeed, the patience with which he would stroll up and down Bond street, smoking cigarette after cigarette, while Lady Eleanor was shopping was worthy of the highest commendation, and eminently calculated to astonish his wild bachelor friends. What he thought about as he paced slowly up and down the hot pavement of those fashionable thoroughfares Heaven only knows; at any rate, it is well that Lady Eleanor didn't!

Every morning he rode with her in the park—there was no need to sell his horse now, or to sack Fleming—and the loungers on the rails as they raised their hats to his beautiful companion growled enviously—

"Lucky beggar! Going to marry the prettiest and richest girl of the season! Some men get all the plums in this world's pudding!"

Altogether he spent a great deal of his time in the society of his betrothed; but there were still some hours of the day in which he was free to amuse himself after his own devices, and he might have passed a very pleasant time, for there was still a large contingent of his friends in town, and there were outings at the river-side clubs, drives to Richmond, and so on. But Yorke was seen in none of the places where the youth of his set most do congregate; and he spent the hours of his freedom in long walks into the country around London, or in the smoking room of the quietest of the clubs. And he was always alone—alone with that strange absent look in his eyes, that far-away look which lets out the secret and tells all who see it that a man's mind is wandering either backward or forward—generally backward.

All the world knew of his engagement, and every man who met him congratulated him; all the world excepting, perhaps, the Duke of Rothbury, from whom no word of congratulation had come.

"Have you written to Godolphin?" Lady Eleanor had asked shyly, and Yorke with a little start had said—

"No, there was no occasion. He would see it in the papers."

"But he may not; they only get Galignani in Switzerland; at least I never could get anything else," said Lady Eleanor.

Yorke had put off writing; he would not have admitted it to himself, but he shrank from writing to Dolph and telling him that he, the duke, was right, and that Leslie was forgotten. Forgotten! Of what was he thinking as he strode through the country lanes, as he sat in a corner of the smoking-room silent and moody, but of Leslie. Always Leslie!

The time came when everybody—excepting a few millions—leaves London.

"Shall we go to Scotland, Yorke?" Lady Eleanor asked. She knew he had half a dozen invitations this year. He was never without them any autumn, but this year were more numerous than usual. Yorke Auchester running loose and up to his ears in debt, and Yorke Auchester engaged to Lady Eleanor Dallas were two very different persons; and by a singular coincidence everybody who had a house and a moor in the Highlands invited him. But he said he would not go to Scotland.

"I'm tired of it," he said. "The place is eaten up by tourists at this time of the year. I'd rather stay in London."

"Well, then, I will not go—I was going to the Casaubons; but I will send an excuse——"

"Oh, no, don't do that," he said with the most unselfish alacrity. "Don't you stay up in town for my sake; it's beastly just now, I know."

Lady Eleanor thought a moment.

"I will tell you what I will do," she said. "Aunt and I will go to White Place. It is just a nice distance from town and—and if you should ever think of running down—why—aunt will be so glad to see you, sir!"

The two ladies went to White Place and Yorke stayed in town. But, of course, he ran down to the big house very frequently. And when he went he was made much of, as was only right and proper. Would not the vast place be his own some day—or at any rate would he not be the lord and master of the mistress of it? Indeed, the servants received him as if he were already master, and understood quite well that their quickest and surest way of pleasing their mistress was by winning the favor of this handsome lover of hers.

Everything was done that man—ah, and woman, and how much quicker is woman—could devise to amuse and please him.

A stud of horses filled the stables, his own being the most honorably housed; the keepers received "carte blanche" as to the game; a suite of rooms in the best position, and so luxuriously furnished that poor Yorke laughed grimly when he first entered them, was set apart for him. Lady Eleanor would have filled the house with guests, but it seemed that Yorke was not in the humor for company. "Which is so nice and sweet of him!" murmured Lady Eleanor. His favorite wine had been brought down from London, and the cook had a list of the dishes to which his lordship was most partial. Happy! If he was not happy he was the most ungrateful man among the sons of men!

"You are spoiling him, my dear," Lady Denby ventured to remonstrate gently. It was the morning that Lady Eleanor had given orders for a special wire from the station to the house, so that his highness might let them know when he was coming. "You are spoiling him all you know how, and that's always a bad thing for a man, especially before marriage, because, you see, when he is married he will expect to be spoiled a great deal more, and you haven't left yourself any room."

"I daresay," Lady Eleanor had retorted; "I don't care. Besides, it isn't true; you can't spoil Yorke."

"Do you mean that nature has done it for you already?" said Lady Denby, sweetly.

"Nature?" flashed Lady Eleanor, her face flushing proudly. "Nature spoiled him? Oh, where is there a handsomer man, a stronger, a finer man than my Yorke."

"My dear, you are a raving lunatic!" remarked Lady Denby in despair.

Certainly, if he were being spoiled, Yorke did not grow less careful in his devoirs. He was as ready as on the day of his engagement to attend his betrothed, and when they walked or drove together he was always close at her side, and never wanting in those attentions which the woman finds so precious when they are paid by the man she loves. And with it all she watched him so closely, was so careful not to bore him. In the matter of business, for instance, most women having so much money would have wanted to talk over with her future husband this investment and the other, but Lady Eleanor knew Yorke better than to attempt anything of the kind. Ralph Duncombe still remained her guide, philosopher, and friend in business matters, and it was understood between Ralph Duncombe and her—without a word having passed—that his name was never to be mentioned in Lord Auchester's hearing, and that they were never to meet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Bless your soul!" said an old Scotch lady, who was fond of quoting and applying Scripture, to Dr. Chalmers, one day. "Bless your soul, here you are, always going about like a roaring lion trying to do good!"

AT EVENTIDE.

BY W. W. LOSO.

The plover calls across the marsh,
As twilight softly falls;
And to his mate the whippoorwill
From yonder pine woods calls.
The sky is tinged with afterglow
Of sunset in the west;
The flowers are opening to the dew,
The birds have gone to rest.

The honeysuckle round the porch
Sends out a sweeter scent;
And odors from the roses hearts
Are with its sweetness blent.
Amid the arching blue of heaven
Shine out the silver stars,
While o'er the cool, green meadow-land
Gleam out the moonlights' bars.

Lights from the cottage on the hill
Gleam thro' the window-pane;
And from the doorway open wide,
Floats music's soft refrain.
To you and I there comes a peace
From out this lovely night,
As we sit here beside the stream,
'Neath moonbeam's silver light.

A Schoolroom Romance

BY J. FERGESSON.

IT WAS all very well for the Claverings' German Fraulein to tell Cissy to sit up and attend, and all very well for sober little ten-year-old Minnie to wade bravely in monotone through one of the dullest chapters in Niebuhr; the schoolroom was distressingly hot, and Algy would keep peeping through the half-open door to make faces, and the German band in the square would persist in playing that delicious "trois-temps," and, altogether, lessons were such a mistake, and German was so odious! Down went Cissy's two arms flop upon the sticky oilskin table-cover, and her two black eyes roamed piteously from the Fraulein to the ceiling, while from her poor laden heart there burst one, two, three sighs.

"Oh, it's so hot, and so dull and stupid!" she cried. "What a horrid thing it is to be a girl and not grown-up!"

"My dear!" remonstrated the Fraulein, with irritating calmness—the Fraulein was phlegmatic.

"Oh, yes," continued Cissy pettishly, "of course it's all very well to be like Flora and Gertrude, and do no lessons, and get taken everywhere with mamma, and go to balls and dances, and have lovely dresses and lockets and bracelets; but to be just fifteen, like I am, and be made to practise scales, and read nasty dry books—oh, it is unbearable!"

From which outburst it might be inferred that Miss Cecilia Clavering was a young lady of insubordinate and discontented character, given to envy her elders their legitimate pleasures and bewail with unnecessary freedom her own state of bondage in the schoolroom. Such however was not the case generally. Cousin Jack was down-stairs in the drawing-room, and Flora and Gertrude were having him—her own particular ally—all to themselves. This was a grievance, and, like many older and wiser people, Cissy made the most of it; but on ordinary occasions the Fraulein did not find her by any means the most unmanageable of the young Claverings under her especial care.

There were six of them—boys and girls—in the schoolroom, ranging in age from fifteen-summer Cissy to little four-year-old Ben, besides the two older girls, Flora and Gertrude, and a young middy whose dirk and sunburned cheeks were the pride and delight of Cissy's heart, when he got leave from his ship, and came home to tease and kiss his sisters—altogether a formidable family to provide for out of an uncertain professional income, such as that of Hugh Clavering, Q. C. But then the girls were sure to marry well, except perhaps poor Cissy, their mother assured him, dwelling with pardonable maternal vanity on the charms of her daughters' minds and persons.

"All things are sure to come to an end if one only has patience to wait," remarked Cissy philosophically.

So she waited; and at last Minnie's shrill little voice came to the concluding sentence in the chapter, and at the same time, although less desirable perhaps, the band outside ended the "Manolo" valse with a grand simultaneous "fortissimo."

The Fraulein laughed good-humoredly, and, assuming a non-professional attitude, told Cissy and Minnie to put up their books and make the room tidy for tea.

Cissy moved about rather lazily to obey this behest. She was awkward-looking, ungainly, and gaunt, presenting in appearance an unprepossessing contrast to pretty, graceful little Minnie. And, besides being loosely knit and angular, she was extremely untidy about her hair and clothes, and many ink-stains lingered about the front of her dress, and on her thin brown nervous hands. She was "the plain one of the family," Mrs. Clavering complained fretfully sometimes; but the girl was young yet, so that it was impossible clearly to foretell what effect good dressing and the magic enchanter happiness might do for her in the way of good looks.

Cissy stood on the landing, and peered wistfully over the balusters, while the youthful footman placed upon the schoolroom table sundry mugs and tea-cups, and two plates of thick untempting bread-and-butter; Algy, by way of assisting operations, shooting at intervals a stray pea or two from his pocket at the unoffending youth's legs and back.

It was the same weary old routine repeating itself.

"Why is there never anything new?" Cissy asked herself.

Then the Fraulein called to her to come to tea; and Cissy left off puzzling over the mental problem that never could be answered, and took her place listlessly in front of one of the piles of thick bread-and-butter, while the Fraulein poured out tea and scolded Algy.

All at once the door opened.

"Hallo," cried Algy, with his mouth full, "it's Jack!"

"Don't disturb yourself, pray," said the interloper politely, as, dealing a friendly box on the ear to Algy en route, he made his way boldly up to the tea-tray.

"Please may I have some tea, Fraulein?" he said. "Mrs. Clavering said you would give me a cup if I asked prettily."

And Jack Dane seated himself between the Fraulein and Algy. He was a fair-haired, tall young fellow of two or three and twenty, with sleepy blue eyes and a pair of broad shoulders cased in brown homespun.

"Oh, isn't it prime!" cried Algy triumphantly. "But what made you come, Jack? It's stupid up here, you know, and the tea's vile, and the bread-and-butter nasty, and——"

"Be quiet, Algy; you know very well, if mamma were here, you wouldn't speak so," remonstrated Minnie.

"Shut up, Min—girls are such canting creatures, you can't think, Jack."

"Are they?" said Mr. Dane, staring at the object opposite to him, which happened to be Cissy.

"Has Mrs. Clavering gone out?" inquired the Fraulein politely.

"Yes; they set off to drive in the park. I wouldn't go."

"Awfully slow, isn't it?" growled Algy.

"Oh, Algy," remonstrated Minnie innocently, "you know you like it when mamma takes one of us for a treat; and now you are going to pretend——"

"Pretend what?" shouted Algy wrathfully. "Hold your tongue, miss! I say it's slow; and I don't pretend anything; though, of course, when mamma and the girls want a—an escort, you know——"

The boy blushed, and Mr. Dane finished his sentence for him.

"You are kind enough to officiate. Most self-denying of you, I'm sure! What shall I bring you from Norway, Algernon?"

"Norway!" echoed Cissy from across the table. "Are you going there, Jack?"

"Yes, cousin. Any commands?"

"I—I thought," Cissy said dismally, "that, now you were in London, and you hadn't been here or seen any of us for so long, you would stay a little."

"Couldn't do it," answered Mr. Dane pathetically, "much as I should like it, Cissy, my child."

"Why?" inquired Cissy, fixing on him a pair of incredulous black eyes.

"I'm so hard up, if you will have it; I have hardly a sixpence."

"Then how will you pay for your journey to Norway?" inquired practical Minnie.

"My dear children!" remonstrated the Fraulein "sotto voce."

"Oh, never mind—let them ask!" said Mr. Dane equably. "I'm such a deucedly ill-used fellow that I rather like complaining to people; there's nothing like airing a grievance, Fraulein. I'm on tick, Minnie."

Minnie looked puzzled, and Jane, a round-faced damsel of seven, paused in the consumption of an appalling piece of inch-thick bread, called by courtesy a slice, to inquire in an awe-stricken voice if "tick" were something dreadful.

"No," answered Jack Dane, "it's rather nice when you can get it; but you can't always, more's the pity."

"I know," said Algy—"it means borrowing."

"And never being able to pay," finished Mr. Dane satirically.

"But," objected the bewildered Cissy, "I thought—people said always—mamma, at least, says you are so rich, Jack."

"I may or I may not be."

"That's like the Delphian oracle."

"Is it, Cissy? Well, I'll explain further. There's a rider tacked on to my riches, as you call them. My father and yours laid their heads cleverly together, and ordained that, unlike every other fellow, I shouldn't come of age till I'm twenty-five; so I have only an allowance ever so much too small—and a deuced mess they've made of it between them," concluded poor Jack, tugging fiercely at his slight fair mustache.

"It's a horrible shame!" sympathized Algy. And Cissy looked pensive and pitying, also a little mystified.

"Jolly little thing!" thought Mr. Dane, as he watched her furtively across the table.

"Well, then," suggested Minnie sagely, "you must wait two years patiently, and then you will come into your property. It is not so very long to wait, Jack."

"Oh, isn't it?" grumbled the young fellow sarcastically. "Who knows whether I mayn't be off the hooks altogether by that time?"

Before this harrowing alternative could be commented upon, the Fraulein discreetly proposed an adjournment; and Algy, spitefully kicking over his chair, got up, and, by request, announced himself truly thankful.

"We usually walk out at this hour," remarked the Fraulein, addressing Jack Dane.

"In the square gardens, you know," supplemented Minnie encouragingly. "And there's croquet, and lawn-tennis, and the Harcourts and the Browns and the Vernon Carews, and lots more of our friends. Won't you come too?"

"Minnie!" ejaculated the Fraulein reproachfully.

Jack Dane did not answer. He was standing at the window, looking down from the giddy altitude of a fourth storey upon the dull monotonous street beneath. Presently a thin bony hand stole into his, and a careworn little face rested for a moment upon his shoulder, so far back that he could not see it, although he tried.

"Oh, bother!" said Jack Dane unsentimentally. "At least—by Jove, you know—I mean, what a queer, jolly little thing it is! Don't go off in a huff now—I was thinking. Oh, Cissy, don't be cross, and please put your hand into mine again!"

"Are you coming with us, or do you want to stay at home with Cissy, and wait for mamma?" inquired Minnie, with her out-door things on.

"Cissy went out with papa before luncheon," explained Jane; "and now she is to stay at home and translate her German and do her sums."

"Well," said Mr. Dane doubtfully, "I don't very much care about croquet, Minnie; and I'm a perfect donkey about lawn-tennis; and I don't know the Browns and those other nice people you mentioned."

"I suppose that means you don't want to come?" interrogated matter-of-fact Minnie.

"The Herr Dane will find books and papers to amuse him in the 'salon,'" insinuated the Fraulein.

"Thanks," said Mr. Dane; "I shall come down and open the street-door for you though first, and give Algy a parting kick and my blessing."

"What for?" inquired that young gentleman, somewhat taken aback. "Aren't we to see you again, Jack?"

"Not till next time," responded Mr. Dane oracularly. "No, Algy, I'm off by steam to-morrow morning."

When Jack came up-stairs again, after closing Mr. Clavering's front door upon the retreating forms of his cousins and their duenna, he just stayed long enough in the deserted drawing-room to collect a daily paper or two from various corners, and then marched boldly on to the second landing higher up.

Cissy met him at the schoolroom door, with a German exercise-book in one hand and an inkstand in the other.

"I'm going into papa's study to write," she said—rather reproachfully, Jack thought. "It's cooler there."

"Don't, please," Mr. Dane entreated. "It's not so very warm here, Cissy, after all; and I want to talk to you."

"No," Cissy said, with provoking dignity; "you snubbed me just now, and you were very unkind when I was so sorry for you and meant to comfort you, and I don't like it, and I think—oh, Jack, Jack!" And Miss Clavering, fairly turning tail, fled back into the schoolroom and slammed the door.

Jack Dane reopened it, and, following her in, seated himself close to her, and added to his list of misdemeanors by recklessly shutting up the inkstand and flinging the German exercise-book into a far corner.

Cissy looked up, smiling through her tears.

"Bother the old lessons," cried Mr. Dane disrespectfully; "you sha'n't write another word to-night!"

"It's—it's not the lessons," sobbed Cissy, with quivering lips, "though they're bad and horrid enough; it's—it's you—you, poor dear boy!"

"I!" cried Jack innocently.

"Oh, yes! I do so wish I had money to give—a lot, I mean."

"You jolly little thing!" cried Jack Dane admiringly.

"Are you really so very, very poor, Jack dear?"

"Why, yes, my dear! But, to be fair and above-board, I ought to tell you that it's a good deal my own fault. A fellow ought, you know, by rights to keep within bounds. But I've been awfully extravagant; and now I'm ever so deep in the Jews' clutches, and they won't give me another hundred without the most rascally interest."

"Horrid creatures!" cried Cissy wrathfully.

"And that isn't all," continued Jack. "Now I've been and lost a pot of money at Ascot—debts of honor, you know, Cis, that a fellow must pay—and I've had to forestall my next year's allowance, or as good as all of it; and what I'm to do to pay the piper goodness knows! I shall have to pawn my watch and my dress-coat next."

"Poor Cissy looked bewildered and frightened; but Jack only laughed.

"Won't you ask papa to give you a little?" Cissy began doubtfully.

"He won't, Cis; he's so dreadfully hard-hearted. Besides, you know, he has got all of you."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," said Cissy, comically remorseful, "how I wish I had never been born!"

Jack Dane began to whistle.

"But can people live for nothing in Norway?" continued the puzzled girl.

"Not quite; but perhaps I shall get a little work as a bricklayer's assistant out there, where I'm not known. I think," said Jack Dane pensively, "I could do it; it's only climbing up a ladder, you know, Cis, with a hod of bricks, and then throwing them down where you're told and going to fetch more."

"Oh, Jack," cried poor Cis, in agony; "I'll save you every penny of my pocket-money—see if I don't! But, oh, dear, it's so very little—only ten shillings a quarter! And—oh, wait here a minute, while I go to my room and fetch something!"

She was gone before he could answer; and Mr. Dane got up and walked to the window, whistling softly to himself.

Cissy came back, looking happy and excited, with a tiny silver-paper parcel in her hand.

"Look here," she cried—"this was Dick's birthday present to me, and it's the only piece of jewelry I have; and, if it wasn't Dick's present just before he went to sea, I shouldn't care about it a bit—and I'm quite sure Dick himself wouldn't mind; and—and," concluded Cissy shyly, "you are to take it and sell it, please, and keep the money. And here's three-and-sixpence besides—all I have left out of my last allowance."

Jack Dane left off whistling and drew near.

"You're a good girl, Cis," he said approvingly, coolly pocketing the four coins his cousin handed to him. "You wouldn't like to see me starve, I know; and this, though it isn't much, will just do to keep my head above water a little while. What's this," he added—"a locket? Oh, I say, though," as Cissy mutely held up for his inspection a small gewgaw of enamel and nine-carat gold which might possibly have cost originally about seven shillings, "you can't spare it, you know!"

"Oh, yes!" the girl cried eagerly. "I don't want it indeed! See—I am taking out the locks of Dick's hair, and I shall keep it in paper in my drawer; and it will do every bit as well. You are to take the locket, Jack."

Jack looked at her. Her face, her very features, had changed as though a magician's wand had transfigured them.

"By Jove," thought the young fellow, "how handsome she is!"

"You'll take the locket, won't you?" pleaded Cissy eagerly. She had crept close up to him, and they were standing hand in hand.

Suddenly Jack grasped her shoulders with his two hands, and, holding her a lit-

tle way from him, looked long and earnestly into her face.

"I think you like me, Cis, a little, don't you?"

"Like you? Oh, Jack, of course I do!" cried Miss Clavering reproachfully.

"I like you too," said Jack Dane; "and I think you the jolliest little brick of a girl. Let me see—how old are you, Cissy—fifteen and a half? I'm twenty-three. In two years more you'll be seventeen, and I shall be twenty-five."

"And you'll have all uncle Philip's money then, and be a rich man," said Cissy.

"And you'll be a woman grown," returned Jack.

"Yes, Jack, and give up lessons and go to dances. Won't it be jolly?"

"Awfully," responded the sympathizing Mr. Dane. "And now, Cis, we'll drive a bargain. On the very day I'm twenty-five I'll turn up here in this musty old schoolroom—from the uttermost ends of the earth, if I should happen to go to them—and I'll bring you the jolliest of gold lockets in place of this, which will be sold, you know, by that time; and in return you'll have to give me whatever birthday present I may choose to ask for—won't you, Cis?"

"If it isn't too expensive, and I can possibly get it," answered Cis prudently.

There was a slamming of doors below; and Mr. Dane made haste to pocket his possession and retire to the window with a newspaper in his hand, before his retreat should be invaded by his aunt and cousins.

"Tired?" repeated Jack afterwards, in response to some complaint of Flora's about the heat and the extreme dulness of the closing season. "Yes; I dare say you are tired. What else can people expect, when they go crawling round that stupid Row to make shows of themselves?"

Whereupon the eldest Miss Clavering pronounced her cousin stupid and rude, and ordered him to go and dress for dinner that instant—which behest he obeyed.

Some days later Cissy found an opportunity of discussing Jack's immediate prospects with her father. The busy lawyer looked surprised, but was ready enough to talk to her about his nephew.

"Why, yes," he said, "Jack has been rather an extravagant young fellow; but it might have been worse; and he has it to spend, after all."

"Worse!" exclaimed Cissy. "Oh, papa, how could it be worse, when the poor boy will hardly have sixpence after paying for his journey, and may even have to turn bricklayer's assistant when he gets to Norway?"

"Nonsense, child!" rejoined her father testily. "Who has been filling your head with such stuff?"

"More, papa," persisted Cissy; "he said he thought he should have to pawn his dress coat!"

"I'll tell you what it is, my dear," said Mr. Clavering, laughing good-humoredly as he listened to Cissy's disclosures—"Jack has been 'greening' you, as Algy would say; and you're a soft-hearted little lass to believe it all. When he left, he had a hundred pounds in notes in his pocket—the remains of his last quarter's allowance—after paying all his debts—which I insisted he should do before he went away. And in another two years he will be one of the richest commoners in England; so save your pity for a more deserving object. And now go back to your books."

And Cissy went, her eyes filled with hot indignant tears. Then Jack had made her his dupe, and palmed off silly stories on her, as if she had been Minnie or Jane, and gone off laughing at her credulity! He had even taken Dick's poor little locket—why the poor child could not imagine, unless to prove his triumph and her own folly.

There were sore and angry feelings in Cissy's heart that night and the Fraulein found her very inattentive to Niebuhr the next time Minnie read out selections from his works. It was curious too to observe that she never mentioned Jack's name either to her sisters or to Algy and the Fraulein. Other people however mentioned him pretty frequently and, as time passed away, wondered what he was about, and when he would come home. Cissy thought she knew; but she had been deceived once, so she chose to keep her own counsel, lest a second mishap of the kind should draw renewed ridicule on her devoted head.

"And he seemed so very attentive to dear Flora; and it would be such a delightful family arrangement in every way!" Mrs. Clavering said plaintively on more than one occasion, alluding to hopes of a tender nature in which Jack was intimately concerned.

But Flora, wisely determining to make her hay as weather permitted, without waiting for a problematical sun still in the clouds, had already provided herself with a fairly eligible swain, and talked of trousseau and bridesmaids by the hour to any one who would listen.

So time went on; and Cissy grew into a tall well-shaped maiden of seventeen. There were no more awkward angles about her shoulders, and her back, instead of arching into a curve—as the Fraulein had confidently predicted—was straight as an arrow. Her complexion too had changed from sallowness to a beautiful olive tint, and her eyes, always black as jet, lit up her splendid skin and well-cut—if somewhat irregular—features with a radiance that raised them at once to beauty of the highest type. Altogether the third Miss Clavering was a success in the London season of 1876; and Mrs. Clavering began to cherish hopes and visions of a splendid settlement.

The first of August came—Jack's birthday—and the Claverings were still in town. They were to leave in a few days for Scarborough, in which northern watering-place Flora was to be united to the man of her choice. Cissy roamed about the Harley street mansion and fidgeted with the shabby old furniture. The Fraulein must have been surprised at the frequent inroads made upon her territory; for Cissy, once freed from schoolroom discipline, had not given Minnie and Jane much of her society. The schoolroom party had dwindled down to three now—the two girls and little Ben. Algy was at Harrow, and was expected home on that very day, and Johnnie was at a private tutor's in Cumberland.

Schoolroom-tea was over, the thick bread-and-butter all despatched, and the Fraulein was contemplating a walk in the enclosure with Minnie, Jane and little Ben.

"Won't you come, Cis?" Minnie shouted, half-way down stairs.

Cissy declined the invitation somewhat shortly, and seated herself at the schoolroom window, with a volume of Tennyson, to watch for Algy.

The Fraulein was absent a long time—so long that darkness set in, and the lamplighter in the street outside began to ply his vocation, while Cissy still watched. There was a lamp just in front of Mr. Clavering's hall door, which threw great shadows about the shabby schoolroom furniture, and partially lit up Cissy's figure and face. But it was too dark to read; so Cissy closed her book, and occupied herself instead with the dreaming of curious waking dreams. The others had gone out to dinner; consequently there was no such thing as dressing. A hansom cab rattled noisily along the street, and drew up suddenly at Mr. Clavering's door.

"Algy, of course," said Cissy; but she did not move.

Then a step was heard upon the stairs—it was not Algy's irregular one.

"Only the footman," said Cissy to herself, "or perhaps the young man from the clockmaker's to wind up the clock. How rude to burst into the room like that, and frighten one so!" she suddenly exclaimed aloud.

"I beg your pardon," cried a fresh young tenor voice, as the girl's tall slim form rose and confronted the person entering.

They stood close to each other in the dim uncertain light. Cissy's book fell to the floor and Cissy's nerveless hands were clasped tightly in Jack Dane's. Then Jack drew back a step or two, and looked at her.

"How did you come?" asked Cissy, conscious as though in a dream, of being intensely commonplace.

"Boat—rail—cab; ordinary nineteenth century mode of doing the thing; you know," answered Jack laconically.

"And where did you come from?"

"America last, Cissy. I have been everywhere since I last saw you; you put me in funds, you know, and I was able to do the thing handsomely."

"Ridiculous!" cried Cissy, growing warm and scarlet. "Absurd! I never can forgive you for that piece of nonsense."

"Nonsense," echoed Mr. Dane—"nonsense, Cissy, when your jolly little tender heart made me the happiest fellow alive?"

"You never wanted that stupid three-and-sixpence and Dick's locket," said Cissy, half laughing, half crying. "You imposed upon my childish credulity; you——"

"Stop, Cissy!" cried Jack Dane. "It's my birthday, you know, and you mustn't jaw a fellow. And I want to know," continued Jack, with an odd mixture of tenderness and hesitation, "if you expected me, Cis, and whether you thought much about me these two years?"

He had seated himself close to her and taken her hand, and their faces were very near together.

"Did you, Cissy?" persisted the young fellow.

But Cissy would not answer, and, now that Jack had come back to her, she began to wish him miles away again.

"I've brought you the loveliest of lockets, just as I promised," Jack Dane went on; "and you shall have the old one back too—if you like, that is, when you've heard what I have to say. That's my part of the bargain—and now for yours. You remember it, don't you, Cissy?"

"No," said Cissy hypocritically."

"Oh, come, I like that! You were to give me whatever present I asked for. And, Cissy," continued the audacious young man, after a very slight pause, "I want—don't take your hand away, darling—I want you for my sweet wife!"

Cissy's reply was smothered on his shoulder; but Mr. Dane must have heard it, for he seemed satisfied.

When the Fraulein and her youthful charges trooped noisily back into the room, Jack got up in the most natural and, what Algy would have called, "cheeky" way possible, and said, "How do you do?" all round. Then lights were brought in, and soon afterwards Algy himself drove up in a hansom, shrieking out boisterous greetings, and intensely surprised and delighted to find cousin Jack domiciled with his sisters. The Fraulein however did not feel quite comfortable in her mind about Jack until the return of the dining-out party relieved her from further responsibility.

"I've just been asking Cissy to marry me," Jack announced with characteristic coolness, when greetings had been exchanged and ejaculations of surprise parried and answered.

"Upon my word," began Mr. Clavering, amused.

But before he could proceed Cissy ran away and hid herself, with her mother and sisters in hot pursuit, so that Mr. Clavering and Jack had it all to themselves.

Three months afterwards a wedding was celebrated at St. James', Piccadilly, and Cissy wore a rich silk dress and orange blossoms. At the bridegroom's watch-chain dangled a trumpery little locket of nine carat gold, which he—he was an obstinate fellow, and, moreover, rich enough and handsome enough to set fashion at defiance—insisted on wearing; and Cissy, when she was appealed to, only laughed—none but herself and Jack knew that with it was associated the happiest of memories—A Schoolroom Romance.

Fiction and Reality.—Some years ago a short story was published which had as its leading feature the mysterious killing of a Parisian artist in his own studio. A web of circumstantial evidence led to the arrest of a model who had been in the habit of posing for him. But through a fortunate chain of circumstances the tragedy was found to have been caused by the discharge of a firearm through the force of capillary attraction. The firearm was used by the artist as a studio accessory, and was hung in such a manner that he was directly in line with it. Its discharge occurred when he was alone in his studio.

This story, a vivid effort of the imagination, has recently found a parallel in fact. An American law journal tells of the arrest of a man upon the charge of killing his cousin. The dead man was found lying upon a lounge with a rifle ball in his brain.

The cousin, who had an interest of one hundred thousand dollars in his death, was alone with him in the house at the time.

The discovery of the real cause of death was due to the lawyer of the accused, who took the rifle from which the ball had been fired, loaded and hung it upon the wall, and then marked the form of a man upon a white sheet and placed it upon the lounge where the man had been found. Then a heavy cut-glass pitcher of water was placed upon a shelf above. The temperature was ninety degrees in the shade. The pitcher of water acted as a sun glass, and the hot rays of the sun shining through the water were refracted directly upon the cartridge chamber of the rifle. Eight witnesses were in the room, and a few minutes after three o'clock there was a puff and a report, the ball struck the outlined form back of the ear, and the theory of circumstantial evidence was exploded.

No Indian wigwam has, it is said, been known to be struck by lightning and no Indian has been killed with lightning for more than 100 years.

Scientific and Useful.

Fresh Milk.—It would be next to impossible to devise a compound liquid more susceptible to influence of effluvia than fresh milk.

Wood Polish.—To polish such woods as walnut, cherry and maple, mix three parts of rather thick alcoholic varnish with one part of boiled linseed oil; shake well and rub briskly on the wood with a cloth rubber.

Railroad Brake.—Among recent inventions is a brake by which a passenger can turn a lever, and immediately stop a train for persons who wish to alight at the stations where the train is not supposed to stop.

To Clean Copper.—To get the tin, solder and dirt off old copper bottoms, so as to make them clean, cleanse first in a boiling solution of three parts caustic soda, one part nitre and five parts water, and then in dilute sulphuric acid; or dip momentarily in warm nitric acid, specific gravity 1·2, and wash immediately in running water.

Waterproof Cloth.—To waterproof cloth, saturate the fabric with a strong hot aqueous solution of soap, press out the excess of liquid, and transfer for several hours to a second bath, consisting of a strong aqueous solution of sulphate or acetate of aluminia or acetate of lead. Repeat the process if necessary, press out the excess of liquid, and dry, not too rapidly, in the air.

Matches.—A novelty in lucifer matches has just been patented by a Belgian gentleman, consisting in placing on different parts of the same match the two compositions which in ordinary safety matches are generally placed the one on the box and the other on one end of the match. In obtaining a light from the new match the latter is broken across the middle, and the two ends rubbed together.

Farm and Garden.

Weeds and Plants.—A weed is a plant out of place. A corn plant, a wheat plant or a potato plant may be a weed by being too close to one another. Treat such as weeds and thin them out without delay.

Top Dressing.—A top dressing of mixed leaf-mould, old stable-manure, wood-ashes, and soot is very strengthening for lawns where the grass is not too thin; but, when the latter is the case, a good lawn-mixture should be sown—rather over a bushel to the acre. This should be done in the early spring.

Rotation.—Nature rotates crops. When the forests of oak and hickory have been removed a thick growth of evergreens appears. In New England, where pine forests have been removed, the maple, chestnut and oak have sprung up. A similar rotation is found in timothy meadows, followed by blue grass.

Cream.—It has been discovered by a French savant that the rising of cream is quicker, and its volume greater, the nearer the temperature is to that of freezing water; further, that the yield of butter is greater, and the skim-milk, butter and cheese are all of better quality under like conditions. These facts should be worth the attention of dairy-keepers.

Pasture.—If the pasture is short and the season dry, it is better to take the cows off for awhile than to attempt to utilise the pasture at the risk of its injury. Nothing is gained by cropping the grass down to the roots, and especially when rain is badly needed. If the grass is allowed to renew itself the roots become more numerous and the drought less damaging.

Animals Trespassing.—In a recent case tried before Judge Finletter, in this city, in which a person was charged with an offense in killing a neighbor's cat which annoyed him, it was decided that this was perfectly lawful; that in any case where animals trespassed to the annoyance of any one, and there was no possible chance of catching and holding them, the person so annoyed was justified in shooting as his only protection against annoyance.

A Cold Seems a Small Affair.—Most people neglect it. Who minds it? Yet a Cold may turn to Consumption, and then follows almost certain death.—Better take a cold in time by using Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, the well known standard remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Pulmonary Complaints, and your Cold will disappear, as well as all apprehension of danger.

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Of Obedience.

Every human being obeys. The only question of fact is, Whom, or what? Some yield obedience to those who have, or seem to have, authority over them, without inquiring whence the right to command or control springs; others obey what they conceive to be the will of God and their own consciences; while a few profess to be the docile children of Nature, to be ruled by her, and to act on principle.

Apart from these, and repudiating the idea of subjection to any being or influence, are the wilful and vain upstarts and self-deceivers who, loudly averring that they were "never in bondage," are, in truth, the very slaves of their own untamed passions and propensities, men and women whose whole lives are acts of servile obedience to that most tyrannical and humiliating of masters, the lowermost animal nature of man, an element of the human constitution which, as a matter of fact and experience, is generally disorganized and tends to corruption.

That the animal nature of man is not what it ought to be, and once was, is obviously—even without the light of revelation—the result of a reversal of the natural order of things whereby the mind, with the moral character, has become the subordinate counterpart and expression of the more organism, instead of a power above and, in a sense, outside the animal nature, holding it subject and, in its very appetites, emotions and tendencies, subservient to the will and purposes of the soul.

The higher and better part has been allowed to sink to the level of the lower. That which was born to command lives but to obey.

So complete has been the subjugation of the supreme in man that, grouping in the dark and judging only from appearances, philosophy denies the very existence of a spiritual element in humanity and ascribes the function of intellectuality to the physical action of organized matter only a little more complex and refined in its manifestations than the force that shapes the crystal or causes the needle to point to the pole.

It is difficult to conceive of any posture of the human mind more abject or miserable than that of subjection to its own animal and even organic propensities. A nation at the mercy of a mob composed of the inmates of its own prisons and the lurking baseness of its most malignant classes offers but a faint picture of a mind enslaved by its animal passions and a prey to their impulses.

Yet there is no way of avoiding this condition, except that of keeping the body in subjection by a will which is itself the obedient servant of the higher Self—that is, the power of Him "in whom we live and move and have our being."

Man cannot rule himself unless he wields the authority of might higher than his own. Practically this means that he must govern himself and order his conduct on principle. He must obey the law of order—that is, the law of nature—the expression of the mind of nature's God.

The great reason and cause of failure to govern self by Self, to make the outer man, with its self-consciousness and its conduct in the life of relation, conform to the inner life of principle and judgment, is the neglect to strive in obedience to principle.

The man who essays to conquer and subdue the evil in his own heart and nature without the aid of a fulcrum outside his own little world of wishes and appetites is like one who should seek to check the fall of his own body over a precipice without clutching at any external object. He cannot arrest the progress of evil in his own consciousness without obtaining a hold on something outside himself. There is no influence within his own being which can coerce self.

What is obedience? In a practical sense it may be described as active submission. It must needs spring from a belief in authority. The feeling inspired may be one of fear or of love. "The devils," we have been told, "believe and tremble." The outcome of their faith is terror, which culminates in despair, and, so far as action is concerned, is wholly sterile.

"Passive obedience" is a misnomer. There may be an obedience imposing restraint and abstinence from certain forms of activity which are felt or believed to be opposed to the will or principle of authority that claims obedience, but, if the obedience be genuine, it will not end in a mere negation. Instead of ceasing to do evil, the obedient and subject mind will do right.

The difference between these two forms of obedience is taught in the parable of the servants and the talents. He to whom one talent was committed buried it in the ground least he should lose it. The reason he assigned for pursuing this course was that he knew his master to be an austere and, as he put it, a grasping man. He feared, and therefore hid the talent in what he supposed to be a place of safety, that when its owner returned, he might have his property back as he had left it.

This is the policy of passive obedience, a mere negative and heartless submission, born of fear. The active obedience of this man's fellow-servants led them to throw energy into their work and to trade profitably with the talents committed to them.

Obedience, in the only true and noble sense of the term, is active submission to the spirit as well as the letter of a law, to the known wish of authority not less than the formally expressed command.

There can be no obedience without submission, and no submission without the recognition of authority.

If obedience be the natural and fitting mode of restoration for man, it follows that there must needs be on his part, and as the first step on his homeward way, submission to some form of recognized authority. It remains to ask what this supreme and dominating power or object should be.

A large section of the thinking community oppose a strong dissentient proposition to this doctrine of obedience and submission. They point to bitter experiences which the world has had of submission to the Church, and cite unequivocal proofs of the crippling and blinding effect of authority in matters of religious thought, as asserted through a long succession of generations.

There is not a word to be said against the force of this reasoning as an appeal to history; but it does not result from the argument that, because by thrusting its hand into the grasp of a wicked or ignorant guide a child has been led astray, there should henceforth be an end of confidence; much less does it follow that the victim of deceit or carelessness should in virtue of his misfortune claim to be gifted for ever afterwards with the power of walking securely alone.

Where is man likely to find a fixed point for his eye to rest upon, except it be outside the surroundings which are in part the reflection of his own character?

The authority claiming obedience is that which the Creator has by right over the work of His hands. If there is no precise and formal code of laws imprinted on the face of nature, there are principles embodied in her formula which will serve the same purpose.

Much of the disquietude and disappointment men experience in the search for "Truth" is the obvious fruit of their own folly. They look for details where it was intended they should find only an outline.

Religion does not consist in creeds or specific courses of conduct, but in principles and broad lines of policy. It was not designed to make all see alike. The central point of crucial moment is that men must all look to some great Object, the Author of all, and therefore the Supreme Authority, in whom everything centres, and to whom all who would escape the bitterness of rebellion must yield loyal and loving obedience.

Too many are governed by the bare appearance of things, the false glare and tinsel-show of life. As one looks upon a shining substance or metal, and without thought or examination takes it for gold, so many are deceived by a mere superficial knowledge of men and things. Let such be on their guard; for, though the outside of the cup be clean, the inside may be very filthy; and, though sepulchres be white and beautiful outwardly, they may be full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness.

THE so-called "truth-seeker" who declines to believe in anything which cannot be demonstrated, and who sets up for being his own authority in matters of doubt, difficulty and doctrine, is like a man who should shut his eyes because he has been misled by appearances. He is wiser and more reasonable who, recognizing his need of a pole-star, resolves to seek it above the shifting clouds which are blown about by every wind and earth-current.

A MOMENT'S work on clay tells more than an hour's labor on brick. So work on hearts should be done before they harden. During the first six or eight years of child-life mothers have chief sway, and this is the time to make the deepest and most enduring impressions on the youthful mind.

NEVER yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word which did not expand the intellect while it purified the heart; which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and feelings.

PERSISTENCE is as needful to the life of thought as to that of action. Though often confounded with obstinacy, it is essentially different. The latter is a dogmatic and unreasoning inaction of the mind, the former is an earnest and continuous approach to truth.

THERE can be but one true fidelity to self, and that is the fidelity of a constant purpose to answer the calls of duty and self-sacrifice.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

H. P.—Always wear gloves when in the street. Wash the hands frequently in oatmeal water, and rub a little glycerine over them when retiring at night.

EXETER.—Mildew may be removed by rubbing common yellow soap on it; then salt and starch over that. Rub all in well, and lay the article in the bright sunshine.

WITHOUT.—Real sympathy cannot be measured by the outward show of it. Do not be quick to take offence at what probably does not exist except in your own imagination.

BLUE EYES.—The word "Mizpah" literally signifies a watch tower; it is the name of the place where Jacob and Laban parted, and where they reared a "great heap of stones."

ROBERT M.—To cure knock knees get a pad and put it between the knees of a night on going to bed. Tie the legs together, and also the thighs, with the legs straight in bed. Reduce the pad in proportion as the patient improves. Perseverance is required in this.

SNOWDROP.—All bad habits may be cured by an effort of will, and constant attention and watchfulness; the very fact of your desiring to mend matters shows that the cure can be accomplished. Watch yourself, and check any inclination to laziness and ill-temper when it arises, and you will soon find a difference.

ANXIOUS.—No girl with any self respect would own to a love for a man who was engaged to another woman. If he can treat the lady to whom he is engaged so meanly as to be carrying on a correspondence with another at the same time, he would most likely behave in the same manner to any other girl whom it might please his fancy to pretend he loved.

S. G. T.—The words "were" and "was" are the imperfect tense of the verb "to be," "was" used in the singular, "were" in the plural. For instance, you say "I was," and many grammarians think it right—it is certainly consistent—to say "You was" to a single person, instead of "You were," using the latter only to several persons, but usage says "You were," and it ought to be followed, unless persons desire to be pedantic.

STRICKEN.—Trouble comes in at the doors of big houses as well as at those of the little ones. In your case there is really no help, nor any way of aiding you, for no one can interfere between you and your father. He seems to be an unjust man, and utterly regardless of what is your due; but men are often unjust on a second marriage, and stepmothers too often aid them in their injustice, or suggest to them methods of cruelty.

JUNIUS.—You are much too young to marry; and long courtships are simply snares and delusions, with irreparable mischief on both sides. No man is justified in marrying until he has made some place for himself in the world, or at least assured his position; and, whatever happens, he should not think of marriage until he is thirty years of age. Early marriages and premature engagements are the bane of happiness and the prolific sources of crying social evil. Few—very few—early marriages are happy in after years. Wait; say nothing, and let time unfold its destiny for you. Dismiss the matter at once, and neither speak nor think any more about it. You will take our advice—if you are wise.

D. T.—There were various Roman crowns of triumph. The civic crown, though made only of oaken leaves, was esteemed the most reputable badge of martial virtue, and never bestowed but for saving the life of a citizen, and killing at the same time an enemy. The laurel crown was the proper ornament of triumph, as myrtle was of the ovation. The obsidional crown, though made only of common grass that happened to be found upon the scene of action, was regarded as the noblest reward of military glory, and was never bestowed but for the deliverance of an army when reduced to the last hope. The mural crown was an embattled circlet, and was given to him who first scaled the walls of a besieged city and there planted a standard. The naval crown, a circle of gold, surmounted by nautical emblems, was bestowed upon him who first boarded an enemy's ship.

O. W. S.—Which is the oldest religious symbol? It is a curious and but too little known fact that above the mists which shroud the beginnings of human history, the symbol of Christian salvation rises as a solitary indication of the fact that prehistoric man had a distinct belief in the doctrine of personal immortality. In the cave and lake dwellings of the earliest inhabitants of Europe, whose history had closed thousands of years before the tragedy of Calvary had been perpetrated, the cross may be found either as an amulet buried with the dead, or carved as a charm on the bones of animals long since vanished from the earth. So, too, when man began to worship Osiris in the valley of the Nile, at least six thousand years ago, the cross was revered as the symbol of the "immortal hope." As Thor's hammer it commanded the reverence of the Berserkers who were the fathers of the ancient Vikings, and the first Christian missionaries who landed in the domains of the Incas were astounded to find it above the altars of Quetzalcoatl, the Mexican Christ. Whether or not its primal form was that of the two sticks with which primitive man kindled the earliest artificial fire, as some contend, the fact remains that the cross as a religious symbol is beyond all doubt coeval with man as a reasoning and religious being.

SUNSET.

BY RITA.

The lurid sun steals down the solemn sky,
And tints with living red the burning west,
Like some lone warrior creeping home to die,
The life blood ebbing slowly from his breast.

A mist floats up and hides the glorious flame
Transfused in clouds of darkness, solemn, dread;
As time shall hide in night the warrior's name,
And steal away the fame for which he bled.

But sleeping on the murky vapor's breast,
Behold the crescent of the moon appear!
As though the soldier's spirit from his rest
Smiled at the frail renown he toiled for here.

The Sands.

BY G. V. S.

AWAY UP amongst the Fells of Westmorland rises the Kelvin, an independent little river that will have nothing whatever to do with the beauties of Lake land proper, but turns its back upon "Mere" and "Water" and strikes away towards the lowlands and the sea. For the first few miles of its course it is a gladsome, careless stream, laughing and singing as it runs, until it reaches the town of Kelton, where contact with mankind and his civilization makes it sober and sad, and all its merriment disappears. Once or twice hereafter it makes an effort to become its old bright self again, but its spirit has been broken, and it flows sullenly onward till it rounds a curve and opens out into the wide estuary to which it gives a name.

Kelvin Bay is twice daily alternately a great salt water loch and a wide waste of sand, as the mighty tidal wave flows up or down the coast. See it at low water and it is a golden brown plain, with the Kelvin river looking like a ribbon of silver trailed and twisted across it, bounded by green uplands north and south, shut in to eastward by a barrier of lofty peaks, and ending westward in a faint blue line which marks the distant sea. A few hours later it is a vast expanse of tossing wavelets, for the tide has suddenly risen over the banks, and, with a hiss and swirl, has swept its flood twelve miles inland.

Across Kelvin Sands lay the old coach from Lancaster to Carlisle and the Border, and though the railway which skirts the curving shore-line has long since drawn away all the traffic, yet there still exists the ancient office of "Guide of the Sands," held directly under the Crown. Receiving a fair salary a year, the Guide inhabits a comfortable farmhouse on the edge of the bay, and is bound to pilot any traveler who may choose to cross the sands between tides. Fifty years ago the "Guide's Farm" was held by John Newby, whose forbears for five or six generations had been there before him; in fact, so regularly had father been succeeded by son that the country side had almost come to look upon it as belonging to them, and to believe that the post of guide was hereditary in the family.

Newby himself quite held it to be so, and his one great trouble was that he had no one to follow him, for his only child was a girl, and he always felt that Fortune had treated him very unkindly in the matter. But if the goddess had denied a son, she had given him as sweet and winsome a daughter as ever mortal man could long for. There was not a prettier maid in all the brave North Countree than Joan Newby, and many a gallant Westmorland lad would go long miles to get a glimpse of her bonnie face, and if by any chance there was ever so faint a smile in those hazel eyes for him, he was happy for a week at least.

"Ay, ay, the lile lassie is a beauty right enowf, but then she be onlie a lassie," her father would say when someone remarked upon the fresh loveliness of her smooth cheeks, or the wealth of her dark auburn hair. And yet the bluff yeoman was mightily proud of this daughter, who had been the brightness of his life since the day the gude-wife had died, full sixteen years before, and left him to bring up the little four year old; and he quite expected that some day or other she would marry well, nay, he openly gave out that the man who came to woo must be a gentleman born. His own particular cronies would smile and shake their heads and doubt but that he flew too high. Wise mothers hinted that it was a risky business to mate out of one's own station; and jealous maidens tossed their chins and said that no one of gentle birth would ever wed the likes of her.

Yet that very moment the chance was here to marry into one of the oldest families of the North, as she stood leaning against the gate of the hazel copse above the Guide's Farm with her heart going like a sledge-hammer, and a wild, half-frightened look in her eyes, and listened to the pleadings of young Mr. Radcliffe, of Kelvin Towers.

"Oh, Joan, my darling, you will say yes—won't you?" He had got both her hands in his, and waited bravely for an answer, but none came.

"Come, sweetheart;" he went on, "take me, take me—for I love you far more than any other fellow ever will."

That broke the spell, and she lifted her eyes and looked for one moment into his blue ones, which mirrored herself.

"Oh, Mr. Gerald, I can't say yes—I really can't."

The young Squire was not easily beaten, and had a knack of holding on the tighter the more he was repulsed. But in spite of all his pleading the girl would only shake her head. He changed his plan of attack with, "Joan, look at me. You are not in earnest. You dare not say that you do not care for me—you are too honest——"

"No," she said suddenly, "I can't say it, for I do care for you—a great deal perhaps—but—oh! Mr. Gerald, let me go, let me go, for I love someone else."

For a second he was stunned, but the grand old pride of race, which has helped so many a man to face disaster with a smile, rallied him. He might be badly hit, but scorned to wince at the pain.

"Joan, dear, you are not playing with me?"

"No, no, Mr. Gerald, how can you think it?"

"And I have not a chance?"

She shook her head.

"Then good-bye, little one. God keep you always bonnie and happy." He bent down and twice kissed the little hands he still held prisoner, and next moment was away up the path which led to the open moorland.

Joan stood looking out over the bay and away toward the distant Yorkshire Hills, but she saw nothing of the fair panorama of hill and dale before her, for she was thinking of what she had done. She had deliberately refused to become mistress of Kelvin Towers, with all its grand rooms and many servants.

Ah! how grand it would be to ride in a carriage with a footman to do your slightest bidding, and to sit in the Squire's big square pew at church, and she had given it all up for what? A vision came before her of a little cottage. And Mr. Gerald, how dearly he loved her, and how brave he was—but yet—yet—yet—was not Jack Redman.

Ah, how dearly she did love him. What a contrast they were these two, to be sure—one the Lord of the Manor, and the other a poaching village blacksmith; one so courteous and gentle, the other rough in manners and speech—they were not to be compared, the gentleman and the peasant, and yet for the first she felt only a warm feeling of liking, whilst her whole soul went out in passionate love for his inferior rival.

O woman! woman!! who shall understand the waywardness of your affections—why one day you will only sell your heart for gold, and the next barter it away in exchange for one that is not worth the having. Why a hero cannot win you, and yet you give yourself to some pitiable poltroon. Well, thank goodness you are so illogical after all, or else many of us poor common-place mortal would never know the elevating and refining influence of your love.

The autumn haze was rapidly veiling the landscape, and so, with a shiver, Joan roused herself and went down the path, crossed the fold yard and entered the rose hung porch. Her father was in the kitchen, just back from putting some peddlers over the river.

"Any yan been sin I left?" he asked cheerily.

"Young Mr. Radcliffe, dear," she answered carelessly.

"Ay, ay, he be getting fond of coming down. Well, there be noan welcomer," and the Guide laughed softly to himself. Little did he think, as he watched his bonnie daughter busily getting ready the supper, that she had just shattered his one fond dream, and sent a gentleman lover to the right about.

Poor Gerald had a bad half-hour up on the moors that evening. The sun had indeed gone down below the horizon for him, and life seemed a dull, toneless gray. But even in his misery something bade him cheer up and think how, after all, it was best for his own and the girl's sake that he should not get his way, and outrage pride, and give her the old honorable name; for though he was ready to brave sneers and chaff of foes and friends for her sake, yet it would not have been possible to shield her from many a petty annoyance, or fend off many a stinging social arrow.

Better that she should keep her station and that he should impale some worthy coat-of-arms with the Silver Swans of the Radcliffes. Many a beauty of high degree would gladly be mistress of Kelvin, so why sigh for this lowly-born cottar's daughter? And yet—and yet—what glorious eyes she had, and how true-hearted she was to refuse his tempting offer. Yes, he was desperately in love with her in spite of his rebuff, but he was not the sort of fellow to howl because he could not get the moon—no, he would live it down like a man, and when the October breezes began to shower the golden beech-leaves over lawns and drives, a new interest sprang up to distract his thoughts and absorb his energies, for a gang of poachers were at work, and his keepers at their wits' end.

"Drat it!" quoth the head-keeper, when for the second time he had to report a clearance of one of the best spinneys, "they be reg'lar stiff 'uns, miners and the like fra Boltchester."

"Well Bayley," answered his master, "if it was only the village fellows I would not say anything, for so long as they leave me enough game to show my friends decent sport, they are welcome to a bit themselves if only they don't let me catch them at it. But I am not going to let a lot of professional blackguards sweep the place, so just get half-a-dozen like men who can use their fists and a good cudgel, you understand, and come up here about ten o'clock to-night, and we will see if we cannot astonish these sneaks.

* * * * * *

It was a wild gusty night, and the west wind was freshening fast as it swept past the lonely Guide's Farm and rushed wailing on over the dim ghostly sands. Joan sat at the window of her room listening to its weird sighs and dismal moanings. The house was dark and quiet, for the other inmates had long since gone to bed, but an indefinable dread haunted her, and a sense of impending evil would not let her rest.

The young moon was hidden by great bunches of driving scud, but there was a pale misty light in the sky, and she could see the elms waving in the wind, and the lonely estuary stretching out beyond. There was a lull in the gale, and in the moment's quiet she heard distinctly the click of the farmyard gate, and then from the corner of the house, which stood in shadow, the dusky figure of a man showed against the sky, and came towards the porch.

Joan was not a nervous girl, but that night she was utterly unstrung; a cold shiver seized her, and she rose to call her father. Just then the moon straggled out and fell on the man's upturned face, and she saw it was Jack Redman. To undo the lattice was the work of an instant, and leaning out she called softly:

"Jack—Jack, what is it?"

"Come down, my lass—quick—it's life and death wi' me, this neet."

A moment later she was in his arms.

"Why, what have you been doing, you have no cap on, and you are wet and covered with mud—oh, Jack, what is the matter?"

"Hush, Joan!" he said hoarsely. "There has been a fight up in Merlewood, old Tom Bayley has gotten killed, an' I mun be off across country."

"Oh, Jack," she cried piteously, "you did not—kill him! Say you did not, for mercy's sake."

"I didn't give 'un his death blow, that I'll swear, but I was close to 'un, and he called out twice—'I know ye, Jack Redman!'—just as he dropped; and t'others keeper heard 'un an' they'll show me no mercy, so I mun run."

"My God! how terrible! and are they after you now, lad, and coming here?" she sobbed.

"Nay, I made up on t' Fells, and then doubled back, whilst the whole crew kept on with t' Squire at th' head, so I'se safe for an hour or so. But t' country side'll soon be oop an' my only chance is to get ower t' Sands. Wilt be a brave lass, and pit me ower t' channel in't boat. Wilt'ee Joan, dear, and bring it back so as noan'll know whar th' trail ligs, an' I get away south?" and he kissed her cold lips.

"Yes, yes, but come away in, and I'll get you something to eat, and some dry gear of father's."

"I daren't, dearie, every minute as I now lose may hang me—come—" and seizing her hand, he dragged her towards the shore.

Stumbling down over the rocks, they reached the strip of sand at the edge of the deep channel, where the boat lay like a troubled spirit. To find the mooring rope and haul it in did not take the Guide's daughter long, and then rapidly pushing off, they headed her down stream.

The usually placid Kelvin was whipped into anger to-night by the wind, and the waves leapt up and broke against the bows as Redman forced the boat through them.

"Pull! pull! Jack! there is someone galloping down Cart Lane," cried Joan.

The sound of hoof-beats grew louder, and a horseman dashed out of the gloom which lay over the land and came straight down. A loud shout warned them that the boat was seen, and he rode straight down the beach, sending the rattling pebbles flying, to a spot some yards below them, and without a moment's hesitation swam his horse boldly across, so as to cut off the boat.

"Keep her in close to the shore, for the current runs strongly there, and we may get past," whispered the girl.

But it was too late, for the stream had carried them into shoal water, and already the boat was aground and the horseman close upon them. With a fierce oath Redman lifted a scull, and springing to his feet, bade him keep off, or he would brain him.

"You murdering cur. You shall swing for this night's work," cried the rider, as he grasped a heavy hunting crop, and rode straight at the stranded boat.

But before Gerald Radcliffe could get within striking distance, his horse shied, as a woman's figure sprang up; and his arm dropped as the voice, which he yet thought the sweetest in the world, cried piteously:

"Have mercy, Mr. Gerald, for my sake."

"Great heavens, Joan, what are you doing here? Do you know this fellow has just murdered poor old Bayley?" he cried bewilderedly.

"No, no," she almost shrieked, "it is all a mistake; and if he did, you must let him go, for my sake."

"But you will not plead for such a scoundrel; you cannot know who he is?"

"Yes, yes, I do! Oh, Mr. Gerald, he—he is—my sweetheart—let him go—let him go!"

For a moment Radcliffe paused. His duty was clear, to seize the murderer; but to hang Joan's lover—no, he could not do it.

"Here, you fellow—for her sake be off—jump on to my horse and ride like the fury—turn him loose when you get over the Sands—he'll find his way home. And never let me come across you again, for by all the saints I will hand you over to the hangman, if I do." He dropped into the water, and waded towards the boat, bridle in hand—"Come up with you and off, there is no time to lose."

The poacher hung back, still grasping the scull; suspicious, desperate, inclined to fight it out.

"Be off, say ye—an' leave her for ye to wed, eh? Not me, ha, ha."

"Nay harken, Jack, love," and the girl spoke softly to him; the wild beast nature yielded to her influence, and he laid down his weapon. A dozen hot kisses, and he loosed her arms from about him, jumped overboard, took the bridle which Gerald held out to him, and sprang into the saddle.

"Tak' care on her, Mr. Radcliffe, poor lassie. As there is a God above, I didn't kill Tom Bayley. An', Squire, I'll never forget what you've done for me this neet."

Then he turned his horse's head and dashed off into the darkness which hid the sands.

Gerald watched him disappear, and then, laying hold of the boat, began to haul her towards deeper water. After a few minutes' hard work, he felt the little craft lift, and climbing inboard poled her afloat. The girl was cowering in the stern, weeping bitterly, so he got out the sculls and silently began to pull for the shore, but the wind was dead ahead and the gale mocked all his efforts.

Setting his teeth hard, he put his back into the stroke—he would not be beaten—and next moment was lying in the bottom of the boat with his heels in the air, for one of the thole pins had snapped short off by the gunwale.

"Hullo Joan, I've done it now, and your father will have to cut a new peg to-morrow," he cried, with a merry laugh to rouse her.

She raised her head, but instead of answering, listening intently with her face turned eagerly seawards. Was it the beating of her heart that made that buzzing

in her ears, or was it all fancy? No, it is growing louder, coming nearer.

"Gerald—Mr. Gerald—the tide—the tide."

The laugh died on his lips, for he knew too well what that meant in such a gale as was blowing, with the boat crippled by the broken pin. He never lost nerve, but instantly tried to get her round so as to meet the rush he knew was coming, stem on. Too late! There was a hiss and a roar, and out of the darkness a wall of water leapt, broke over the gig and, half filling her, swept her broadside on in the very front of the mighty tide, a helpless speck in a whirl of foaming, tumbling foam."

"Sit still for your life," he cried, fighting desperately to get the bow round.

But she had utterly given way, and clung convulsively to the rail of the afterthwart.

"Don't lose heart, Joan. See, she is coming to. Move just a little, dear, and let me try and steer her a bit."

He watched his chance and, scrambling aft, got an oar out over the stern, and then by degrees lifted the gig's head round to the running water.

"Come, cheer up, lassie, we shall weather it yet, the tide must slacken soon."

He threw his arm round her as he spoke to support and comfort her, whilst with his right he held grimly to the oar which kept the boat from broaching to. Instinctively she laid her hand upon his shoulder, and then, poor fool, he felt as if he would like to drift on thus for ever, and danger and death seemed far away. Suddenly he was brought back to his sober senses by a wail from Joan.

"Oh, Jack, my bonnie lad, you are drowning—drowning, and I cannot get to you."

What a fool he was! She cared nothing for him. It was not time for love-lorn dreaming if either of them were to see land again, so he pulled himself resolutely together.

"Redman is safe, Joan, never fear; he would reach Hest Bank long before the bore came. Don't tremble so. We, too, shall be safe before long."

"Hush, listen," she said, raising her head again. "Can't you hear waves breaking on the shore?"

"It is only the wind and the roar of the tide," he answered. "We are too far out——"

As he spoke the boat began to rock and roll; there was a heave of waters, a wild plunge, a cataract of foam spouting against a black mass right ahead, and a shriek from the girl, "The Black Rocks!"

Gerald sprang forward to try and stave the gig off with the oar, but the stout ash stave broke in his hands. He gave one wild stagger and, losing his balance, fell head first overboard into the whirl of waves. For one second the boat hung, and then, swinging off, was swept away in the darkness.

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The gale blew itself out towards day dawn, and the sun rose and bathed the Sands in golden splendor, as three fisherfolk set out across the shallows for the long line of nets off Silverdale. And there they found, amongst the stakes, the body of a girl, with a tangle of auburn hair floating round her, washed to and fro by the merry laughing ripple. Tenderly they lifted her, all dripping, cold and lifeless, and carried her homewards over the Sands. And the rooks, swaying in the elms above the Guide's Farm, cawed on, and took no heed of a broken-hearted father who wailed:

"My bonnie bairn—my lile lassie, Joan."

A few hours later Gerald Radcliffe was lifted from a crevice in the Black Rock, and taken up to the home of his race. A spark of life was still burning, and the doctors pulled him through.

There was much talk and wondering at that wild night's work throughout the country side, but the Squire let folks think what they would and kept his own counsel, and the only one who knew the truth was John Newby. Gerald wanted to pension him off, thinking he would feel lonely at the Farm, but the stout-hearted Guide was true to the memory of his ancestors, and did his duty until the day he was laid beside them under the turf of God's acre.

Joan sleeps a little way beyond her kin in a corner of the old churchyard which looks to the setting sun: and her story is yet told by the toothless old sexton to the visitor who will endure his garrulous telling. And to-day, when the wind moans over Kelvin Sands, the villagers will whisper that poor Joan's spirit is abroad.

Years after, when Gerald Radcliffe's children were grown up about him and a grandson was the spoilt darling of the nursery at Kelvin Towers, a message came that a dying man in the village wanted to see the Squire.

"Ah, Squire, ye doan't know me, but I ken ye, I'se not likely to forget the man as lent me his own horse to cross th' Sands and get away, the night Tom Bayley died in Morlewood. I'se been pretty nigh over t' world sin' then, and now I'se come to my native place to die. And oh, Squire, if ye would earn a dying man's blessing—though mine's noan likely to do ye or onybody gude—promise to put *me* i' t' grave where my bonnie Joan is—I canna bide easy elsewhere. God bless you, Squire. I knew you'd promise 't. I can die quiet now. An' I swear to ye I didna kill Tom Bayley—I didna, Squire."

A Rolling Stone.

BY J. B. C.

A ROLLING stone gathers no moss!' That's as true nowadays as when it was first written, nephew Tom; you'd much better have stopped at home and looked after the old squire's interests than go pottering up to London in search of fame. However, that's only my opinion, and maybe you're satisfied, though by the looks of ye now, however, much of fame you've earned, it hasn't been much money in your pocket."

And Uncle Joseph grunted as he took his long pipe from his mouth and pointed its stem rather contemptuously towards the by no means fashionably cut suit of town made clothes worn by his nephew, Tom Maitland, who had evidently not prospered during the six years he had spent in the metropolis.

So thought Uncle Joseph Maitland, as he glanced sideways at his nephew.

"Back again, hey, like a bad penny?" he repeated disparagingly. "Didn't make a fortune in London, as you expected, then?"

"No," admitted Tom; "I didn't make a fortune there, Uncle Joe."

Aunt Sarah looked askance at Tom, as if he were a returned prodigal.

"Better stuck to it, once you was there," she observed stiffly. "'A rollin' stone gathers no moss,' as your uncle told you just now."

As for Cousin Jane, she only said, "How d'ye do, Tom?" and turned away, after a critical glance at his rusty, well-worn clothes.

"We're expectin' fine times at the New Year," volunteered Uncle Joe awkwardly as his wife and daughter went back to their work without further notice of Tom. "There's to be a house warmin' up at the Chase. The old squire died about six months ago, and the new owner's coming down New Year's Eve, and he's going to have the house warmin' when he gets here. Going, eh? Well, good-by!"

"Is he gone?" asked Aunt Sarah, looking in from the kitchen, where she was stirring a pound cake. "You didn't invite him to come here for the New Year, did you?" she queried sharply.

"Of course not!" returned Uncle Joe. "We don't want him."

"How shabby he looked," said Jane. "I'd be ashamed to have folks know he was my cousin."

The old Chase was a gray old manor house, with a wide, projecting roof, a huge stack of chimneys, and porches on every side.

It was surrounded with rich fields and meadows, a prolific orchard on the north hillside, and a wide lawn in front, overhung with chestnut and elm trees.

* * * * * *

"Honey!"

Mrs. Sam Maitland always addressed her taller and stouter half as "Honey," much to the amusement of friend and acquaintances.

"What she can see sweet about him?" remarked Miss Maria Pickens, "is more than I can tell."

But then, Miss Maria was not the wife of his bosom.

"Honey," repeated Mrs. Sam, as her husband proceeded to hang up his hat and mix a glass of gin and water, "who do you think has come back—a-stopping at the 'Red Lion?'"

"How should I know."

Sam had deliberately finished his gin and water before giving utterance to the brief expression which his wife accepted as displaying a suitable interest in her subject.

"Why," she continued, as if answering a direct question, "it's Tom—your cousin, Tom Maitland! Uncle Joseph's folks never asked him to stop there, nor even to eat his New Year's dinner; so I asked him to come here."

"All right," acquiesced Sam; and filling a pipe with tobacco, he lighted it, and placidly sat down to enjoy a good smoke.

"Yes," proceeded Mrs. Sam Maitland, "I thought 'twas a shame to let him stay at the tavern, so I made him promise to come here. We ain't got nothing extra for dinner, but we'll give him the best we've got."

"All right!" assented her husband again.

Sam Maitland was honest, industrious, and generous—perhaps too generous for his own good; for, somehow, he never seemed to prosper. He worked early and late, but his small farm was not productive.

Still, poor as it was, it afforded a home to himself and family, and to his orphan sister, Lucy.

And to this home Cousin Tom was brought, and installed with the honors of a distinguished guest.

Lucy was a pretty girl, tall and slender, and straight as a sapling, with blue forget-me-not eyes, and lips as scarlet as wild strawberries, and the glance she gave Tom from under her golden lashes, set his heart into such a flutter as it had never been in before.

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It was New Year's Eve, and the Chase was ablaze with lights.

The long tables which had been arranged in the dining-room were spread with the best fare the country neighborhood offered—chicken, boiled ham, mince and pumpkin pies.

Now all that was wanting was the hero of the occasion—the new owner of the place.

"Where is he? Why don't he come?" were the various questions propounded to Lawyer Spigot, who, however, persisted in keeping his mouth shut, and looked aggravatingly important, as if he could tell all about it if he wished.

"Perhaps he's come now; there's a bustle around the front door."

Every eye was turned towards the door, but the new arrival was only Sam Maitland and his family.

"Look, ma!" whispered Jane. "If there ain't Cousin Tom with 'em—quite smart, too, I declare!"

Mrs. Maitland frowned; but her frown changed to a stare of surprise, as Lawyer Spigot, after shaking Tom heartily by the hand, announced in a loud voice—

"My friends, allow me to present the owner and proprietor of the Chase, Mr. Thomas Maitland. Most of you are acquainted with him already; so come, now, and give him a hearty welcome to his new home!"

Tom Maitland, the hero of the Chase! Sure enough, he was a connection of the Baldwins on his father's side, but everyone had forgotten that till now. And it was at Tom's own request that Lawyer Spigot had kept his identity a secret.

"Who'd thought it, Tom?" cried Uncle Joseph, extending his hand benignantly; who'd thought to see you the owner here? You're in luck, my boy!"

"Yes, uncle," said Tom coolly. "Your bad penny has turned out a lucky one, after all!"

"Tom, you naughty boy, why didn't you tell us?" said Aunt Sarah, shaking her finger playfully, while Jane stood by pretending to pout. "You must come and eat your New Year's dinner with us to-morrow, or we shan't forgive you for playing us such a trick," continued Aunt Sarah determinedly.

But Tom declined the tardy invitation.

"Much obliged, Aunt Sarah," he returned, coolly, "but I have accepted a prior invitation."

And Uncle Joe's family took their departure, chagrined and disappointed.

"It's all Sam Maitland's doings, getting Tom there and sugaring him up," declared Aunt Sarah, a week or two later. "And now, I suppose, he'll be a marryin' Lucy afore the year is out, an' her without a penny to bless herself with."

And Aunt Sarah proved a true prophet, for before another year was passed, pretty Lucy had become Mrs. Tom Maitland.

An Imperfect Inventory.—Mother: "And so your friend Clara is soon to be married?"

Daughter (just returned from long absence): "Yes; doesn't it seem strange? I hadn't heard a word about it until I called to see her this morning. She showed me her trousseau. It's perfectly lovely, just from Paris, and she has the handsomest ring I ever saw, and she showed me the house she is to live in, and the furniture she has selected, and the horses and carriages she is to have. She showed me everything except the man she is going to marry. I suppose she forgot him."

A Treasure Hunt.

BY S. V. P.

SOMEWHERE here the entrance to the vault must be, if this rubbish were once cleared away; and if the treasure is really there, I'll have it, even though the dead should rise from their graves to prevent me!"

These strange words—uttered with a fierce energy which showed that the speaker fully meant what he said—were spoken in a ruined church in one of the northern counties of England, on a bleak, gloomy, spring morning about a hundred years ago; and the person who uttered them was a tall, richly dressed young man, whose face would have been strikingly handsome but for its weary, jaded look, and the unmistakable traces left upon it by long and reckless dissipation.

It needed but one glance at him to perceive that Sir Everett Lovelace—the last, and, in many ways, the most unfortunate, descendant of an old English family—was in a very bad way, and that he himself knew it as well as any one.

The spot in which the young spendthrift had uttered his wild vow—a ruined church filled with the mouldering tombs of the ancestors whose broad acres his reckless extravagance had forfeited—was a fit stage for the last scene of his mad career, and the errand which had brought him there was a sufficient proof of the desperate nature of his present fortunes, being nothing less than an attempt to discover the grave of one of his most renowned forefathers, and possess himself of the buried treasure which it was popularly reported to contain.

In the corner of the ruin which he was now searching, a vast heap of rubbish, crumbling away from above by degrees, had gradually accumulated in such a way as to bury the pavement altogether; and, long before he had succeeded in clearing it away (having no better implement than a piece of board which he had picked up), his hands were bruised and bleeding, and he was aching from top to toe, and steaming with perspiration, despite the coldness of the weather.

But, beneath all his follies and vices, this young scapegrace had no small portion of the iron firmness of his ancient race, the men who "lived hard and died harder." Weary as he was, he persevered till the flagstone were laid bare, and till he could see plainly upon one of the largest of them a broad brass plate bearing a half-effaced inscription in antique English characters.

"This ought to be the place from the description given of it," muttered the treasure seeker, with a brightening face; "but it's just as well to make quite sure. Let us see what the inscription says."

This, however, was no easy matter. Many of the letters had been worn away altogether, and not a few of those which remained were covered with earth, so that it was not without considerable trouble that our hero at length managed to decipher a few fragments of the epitaph.

The first words—"Here lyeth"—were plain enough. Then came several utterly illegible words, followed by a portion of a name—". . . . naid de Lovelace." To this succeeded another gap, beyond which was visible the date, "1489."

"This must be the grave, beyond all doubt," cried the young baronet, with a smile of undisguised satisfaction; "for the old fellow's name was Reginald de Lovelace, and he lived towards the close of the fifteenth century. I must wait till to-night, however, to pay my respects to him for I have no tools with me to lift the stone; and, moreover, I'd rather have no chance of spectators when I set about a job of this sort. Ha! here's another inscription further down."

So there was, indeed, and a pretty important one, too; for upon the lower part of the brass plate—which was far less defaced than the upper half—Sir Everett deciphered, without much difficulty, the following lines, engraved in the same crabbed black-letter characters—

"Should any of my kith and kin
Find that his purse hath grown too thin,
Then let him open, if he will,
My grave, and take of gold his fill."

"Well," exclaimed Lovelace, gleefully, "those instructions are sufficiently plain, at all events, and I don't think any man could well mistake them. Many thanks to you, my worthy ancestor," added he,

bowing to the tombstone in mock reverence, "for this prescription of yours just meets my case exactly. Till to-night, then; but if you're going to let me 'take my fill' of gold, as you say, I'm very much afraid that I shall bankrupt you before I've done!"

* * * * * *

Night came at last—a fit night for Lovelace's purpose, cold and black and stormy, with constant gusts of heavy rain. Eleven o'clock had just sounded from the steeple of the newer church which had supplanted the ruin whither Sir Everett was bound, when the baronet sallied forth upon his desperate mission, provided with a crowbar, a dark lantern, and a stout leathern bag to hold the expected treasure.

Not a gleam of moonlight or starlight was to be seen in the inky sky, and so intense was the darkness that even the young treasure seeker himself, who knew the whole face of the country by heart for miles round, was more than once compelled to halt and "show a light" with his lantern before could be certain that he was heading in the right direction.

At length he drew near to the ruin, but, instead of quickening his pace, as a man might have been expected to do when nearing a spot where a pile of gold lay awaiting him, he went slower and slower in proportion as he approached the dismantled building, and at length came to an absolute standstill.

Sir Everett Lovelace was a man of unquestioned courage, but the boldest man of an age which was by no means freed from the superstitions of former days (and more especially a man as excitable and imaginative as the young baronet) might have been pardoned for hesitating to enter all alone that grim and ghostly ruin, peopled as it was with the dead, on such a night and at such an hour. And then there came back upon Lovelace's memory with sudden and very unpleasant distinctness, the rash challenge which he had uttered in that very place only a few hours before—

"If the treasure is really there, I'll have it, even though the dead should rise from their graves to prevent me!"

What if they were to do so? What if that defiance had been heard and accepted by the unseen listeners to whom it was addressed? What if a crash of rending tombs and a rattle of fleshless limbs should suddenly mingle with the howling of the storm, as the dead that lay beneath his feet started up to take vengeance upon the sacrilegious profaner of the graves? Such a thing seemed only too possible to the lonely man's excited fancy. There were not many men of that period who would have been bold enough to affirm upon oath that there were no such things as ghosts; and if the dead could indeed return to earth, they might well be expected to do so when their repose was broken by the violence and rapine of the living.

But, apart from these general grounds of terror, Sir Everett Lovelace had another and a stronger one of a more private and personal kind.

The ancestor whose grave he was about to rifle, Sir Reginald de Lovelace, figured in the annals of the family as a very mysterious and formidable personage. Like most men of his age who had the presumption to be cleverer than other people, he was reported to have had dealings with the devil, and it was even said that the Evil One had got very much the worst of the bargain. However this might be, it was, at all events, certain that this dreadful Sir Reginald had studied science, practised alchemy, distinguished himself as an astrologer, necromancer, and what not, and that, under the name of "The Wizard Knight," he had been for many years the terror of the whole country.

The reputed wizard's death was as extraordinary as his life, for at the very last moment he contrived to raise himself on to his feet, and actually expired in a standing posture.

This startling incident seemed like a kind of indirect prophecy of the strange method of his burial, the weird extravagance of which was appropriate enough to one who had neither lived or died like other men. In accordance with his own repeated orders, his coffin was placed on end in the centre of the vault, with its lid wide open, so that any one who entered would be met by the sight of the dead man standing upright before him like a ghostly sentinel, with a coffin instead of a sentry box.

All this, of course, was well known to Sir Everett, and the recollection of all these wild stories (which came crowding upon his mind thick and fast as he neared the gloomy spot) certainly did not tend to give him courage for the dreadful task which he had so rashly undertaken.

But the last of the Lovelaces was not the man to let him be scared away by any superstitious terrors from his last hope of deliverance. Summoning up all his courage, he strode boldly through the gloomy porch, and went along the ruined aisle straight up to his ancestor's grave.

Amid that tomblike silence even his cautious footsteps sounded unnaturally loud. The carved heads along the cornice appeared to grin at him as if in mockery; the fitful lantern light distorted the shadows of the broken pillars into strange and awful shapes, which seemed to threaten him as he passed; and the rattle of ivy twigs against the one remaining window, as the howling storm swayed to and fro, was like the sound of skeleton hands beating against it and trying to force it in.

But Sir Everett Lovelace never flinched. Now that he was actually face to face with his self allotted task, all his hesitation vanished in a moment, and he confronted the terrors of this ghastly place as fearlessly as his great-grandfather had faced the destroying charge of Cromwell's "Ironsides," one hundred and fifty years before.

"If I succeed," muttered he, as he halted at length beside the brass-plated flagstone, "I may save the old Hall yet."

To work he went with his crowbar, expecting to meet with a formidable resistance. But, to his amazement and horror, the stone, though seemingly quite solid, yielded with perfect ease to his first effort, and a moment's inspection showed him that it was cracked in three places.

What could this mean? Could some other treasure seeker (maddening thought!) have been beforehand with him in securing the precious spoil? Or had the dead man really burst the barriers of the grave to take vengeance upon the sacrilegious invader?

Neither thought was by any means a pleasant one; but a moment's reflection enabled Lovelace to guess the truth—viz., that the slab had been shattered by the falling of heavy stones upon it from the crumbling roof. He resumed his task, and, easily forcing aside the fragments of the broken flagstone, laid open the stone steps which led down into the vault and cautiously descended.

Spurred as he was by his golden dreams, it was not without an instinctive shudder that the lonely man reached the last step of the descent, and held forward his lantern to light up the dark void beyond, and prepared though he was for such an apparition, he felt his bold heart beat quicker for a moment as he saw standing upright before him, in the centre of that gloomy vault, the tall, black, mouldering coffin, open and empty!

"Pshaw!" said he, impatiently, "of course the body must have mouldered away by this time. I'm not going to let myself be frightened by shadows when there's gold to be got."

But if there was any gold there, it seemed to be very carefully hidden, for not a sign could Sir Everett espy anywhere. At length a faint glitter just above the coffin caught his eye, and, holding up the lantern, he read on a brass tablet suspended from the roof (with feelings which may be more easily imagined than described) the following lines:

"If thou wert not a ghoul, O knave,
I'd say you did not have disturbed the grave;
They took not for gold, but here is none;
Fool, thou art tricked! Away! begone!"

And this was all that poor Sir Everett got by his midnight expedition.

But, strangely enough, this seemingly ruinous misadventure proved to be a fortunate thing for him in the end. Driven to desperation by the bitterness of his disappointment, the shame of his ludicrous failure, and the maddening thought of the merciless rictents which would overwhelm him were the story ever to become known, he turned his back that very night upon the place and all his dissipated associates, and began life again elsewhere, with much better success.

WILD ANIMALS AND TRAINERS.

If there were no mystery about the taming and training of wild animals, if it were unattended by danger, and if everybody could do it, the attractiveness of such exhibitions would be non-existent. Yet upon all these points the experts whom the writer has consulted, with a view to the explanation of the business, differ very widely.

First, as to the difficulty of dealing with wolves. These animals are generally supposed to be very averse to acknowledging subjection to mankind. A lady performer, who had a pack of these brutes, and compelled them to do her bidding, to the extent even of jumping through blazing hoops of tow saturated in spirits, displayed to us the proofs of her encounters with her charges, who had left upon her hands and arms the scars of many a conflict.

"Are you not afraid?"

"I have a 'stout' heart," said she (she was a foreigner, and hence the expression). "If they are good, then they have some meat; but if they are naughty, then they taste my leetle vip—so," and she flicked her leather thong as she spoke. "Yes, you have quite right; these loups are very vild."

"Wolves, my dear sir," responded another trainer—a gentleman this time—"nothing easier in the world to train. Like dogs, you know, can breed 'em and make 'em do anything. Intelligent animals—nothing in it. Now, if you want to know what really difficult work is just take a cheetah—a hunting panther—he's of the cat tribe, and all cats are the same. Try the experiment at home. Not with a panther, but with pussy. Can you teach her the tricks your dog performs of his own accord? Very rarely. It's the same with panthers, tigers, and so on."

"I am told that alligators are very awkward things to deal with."

"Of course, they want handling, and a knack in gripping at the back of the head in the neck, but that's all. They never do much except open their jaws and hiss; but they are more lively in their movements than you would fancy, in such slow beasts, was possible. But the secret, sir, lies in the natural antipathy human beings have to such-like creeping things. It looks worse on that account than it actually is to play with them.

"It is the same as regards pythons. They can't poison you, and can only crush you if you let them get a grip round your body. So long as you keep them well fed they won't try that on. All you have to do is to conquer your dislike to the things; once having got over that, and there you are."

"Tell me what are the easiest animals to train."

"Well, elephants, and then seals and sea lions. I had an elephant once which didn't want to see a trick done twice. I bought it in a low condition. It had come across on deck and been terribly knocked about. Everybody said it would die. However, I took it in hand and it got well, and in a few weeks it had learned any number of tricks."

To make an elephant sit down is the most difficult. The writer was once in the company of the late Mr. Barnum, who was dwelling with pride upon the many wonders of his great show; but of all the animals he delighted in most were the trained elephants, and his glee when half a dozen of them sat upon the edge of the circus ring, with their forefeet raised, was quite boyish.

"Do you find that one clever animal teaches another, or that one beast of his own accord tries to imitate his companion?" was the question put to another trainer recently.

"No," said he; "they do not watch each other. As soon as one has done his work he begins to play. They like something to eat more than anything else. You take a black bear—the Thibet—he makes you laugh very much. He is a clown. Very well, he cannot help it. All this sort—Ah! if I could get a dozen of such bears, what a combination should I not have! But, do you think that bear cares for applause! Not he; it is because he knows he will have some bread, or sugar, or some pieces of carrot. Ah, yes, he is artful. Polar bears? They are not good; they are stupid—they are mauvais sujets, and before they will do tricks one must be patient—very much! oh, yes! We do not use hot irons. Oh, no! We are not cruel. It is absurd. But we load with ropes the first time, and if he does not come we pull him so; then the second time we pull again; and when he has done what we ask of him we give him a piece of meat; and the third time he is not so stubborn, for he knows that he will have something—eh?"

"Then it is all done by kindness?"

"That's it—kindness."

WHERE WOMEN CHOOSE.—Between the mountains of India and Persia is a powerful tribe, among whom an extraordinary custom prevails. Women's rights apparently have received full recognition, for the ladies of the tribe can choose their own husbands. All a single lady has to do when she wishes to change her state is to send a servant to pin a handkerchief to the hat of the man on whom her fancy lights, and he is obliged to marry her, unless he can show he is too poor to purchase her at the price her father requires.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It is said that in the search for the body of a boy, drowned near Springfield, Ill., lately, the searchers tied up a loaf of rye bread in the lost boy's shirt, and set it adrift in the water above the place where the lad was drowned, the theory being that the loaf would float until in the near vicinity of the body. The package was placed in the stream, and floated until it reached a certain point, when it began circling round and suddenly sank. It is claimed that the body was found within a few feet of the spot.

A resident of Friendship, Ga., owns a turkey hen that not only keeps his family well supplied with young turkeys, but sometimes surprises the family by the presentation of a mixed brood. On the last occasion, after setting on twelve eggs for her usual term of incubation, she was found the other morning hovering over ten young turkeys and one young opossum, it having required two turkey eggs to produce one 'possum. The young 'possum in question was about the size of a half-grown rat, and was nestling under the turkey as contentedly as any one of the legitimate brood.

The sunflower is found to be of great service in Southern Russia, where it has for some time been extensively cultivated. It is grown principally for the bright yellow, odorless and tasteless oil yielded by its seeds. That oil is said to be superseding olive oils throughout Southern Russia for domestic purposes. The pressed seeds and the boiled leaves, the latter mixed with clay, serve as cattle food, the stalks as fuel. Like the eucalyptus, the sunflower possesses the property of drying marshy soils and counteracts the development of malaria germs.

An up-town dry goods store in New York last summer tried the experiment of giving soda water to its patrons free. An enormous fountain, well equipped for service, was placed in the back part of the store, and on each hot day half a dozen attendants were kept busy serving a clamorous, thirsty and never diminishing crowd. One day upward of 7000 glasses of soda water were drawn from that free fountain. This year the firm charges 5 cents a glass for its soda water, and as a result the patronage has fallen off to a remarkable extent. On two very hot days sometime ago, although the store was well filled with customers, the soda fountain at no time was overworked.

The Bank of England's doors are now so finely balanced that the clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the great metropolis from robbing the famous institution. The bullion department of this and other great English banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of the machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the manager's sleeping rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near the person's head. If a dishonest official during the day or night should take even as much as one from a pile of one thousand sovereigns the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, besides letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.

"I was recently in Japan," says an American, "and I met there several American and German doctors who were getting rich by straightening the slant in the Japanese eye to make it look like the beloved Caucasian's optic. The Japanese, you know, show the traces of their Mongolian origin more plainly in the shape of their eyelids than in the color of their skin, and those who can afford it are ridding themselves of this unmistakable evidence of their despised ancestry by submitting to a simple and comparatively painless surgical operation, which consists in the surgeon slitting the outer rim of the eyelids in a straight line for the barest infinitesimal part of an inch. The wound is then covered with a thin piece of chemically-prepared sticking plaster, the faithful subject of the Mikado goes on about his business as if nothing had happened, and in a few days the wound is healed and he looks on his envious fellows through lids as straight as the American's."

THE gossip believes half that she or he hears and tells the other half.

Our Young Folks.

THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD.

BY T. O.

THE wood was beginning to look beautiful—not that it ever looked ugly, but in spring, when the leaves were freshest and greenest, and when the flowers were opening to smile at the sun, it really looked lovely.

There were not many houses in the wood. There was the big house, of course, everyone knew that, and everyone knew that strangers had come to live in it: but everyone did not know of another very small house close to the big one.

Most people thought that the big house had been empty for a long time, and even the new-comers did not know that when they took possession of the big house they turned a young couple out. Yet it was this same young couple who had found a home in the small house close by.

It was rather a queer house. It was raised high above the ground, and it had no windows, and only one round door in it; but there were plenty of flowers near it, and the young couple were quite satisfied. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the Mistress was quite satisfied; the Master could not forget that he and his wife had been turned out of the big house.

"It is all very well for you, my dear," he said. "You have no spirit, but I have; and I shall never be happy until the strangers have been punished. I look upon them as my enemies."

"What are they like?" asked the little Mistress quietly.

"I have not seen any of them yet, but to-day, while you are taking your nap, I mean to go down there, and if only"—but he did not finish the sentence, for he did not wish to frighten his wife or make her anxious.

He need not have been concerned, however, for the afternoon nap had already begun, and the little Mistress had fallen asleep. He only waited a minute or two to see if she were really safe in the land of Nod, and then he made his way down to the big house.

Although the wood was so beautiful, and the sun was shining so brightly, nearly all the blinds were drawn in the big house, and though the Master of the little house was rude enough to peep in at the windows of the big house, he could not see anyone.

The door was shut, but there was a large knocker on it and a bell by the side of it, yet it never seemed to occur to him to use either. He spent all his time looking for an open window, as though he wished to surprise the people in the house, to see them before they could see him.

He had to give up trying to get into the house at last, and content himself with hiding in a big tree, to wait and watch for someone to appear.

"When they do come," he said, "I will show them that it is very rash to turn me out of a house."

There was the sound of a door opening, and a moment later, from his hiding-place, the Master of the little house saw a small girl come out into the wood. He watched her closely, for he was determined that she should not get away from him.

The little girl did not seem at all anxious to get away from anyone; she walked very slowly, and did not give even one hop, or skip, or jump, or run, though the day was so beautiful, and she has been sent out to play.

She walked along slowly until she stood beneath the tree in which the Master of the little house was hiding. Then she stopped and looked up.

Now was the time to take his revenge, but the Master of the little house never looked from his hiding-place, never tried to attack the enemy, and punish the girl whose parents had turned him out of his house, and the enemy's daughter did not see him in the tree. She could not see anything; her eyes were full of tears—so full, that the Master could see them running down her cheeks.

She stood still only a moment beneath the tree, and then moved on slowly. The Master of the little house gave himself a shake. At the sight of the little girl's tears he had quite forgotten that she was his enemy's daughter, and that she must be punished. But it would never do to go back to his little wife and tell her that he had done nothing. He must make the attack, or she would laugh at him and despise him.

He was just going to show himself when he heard voices, and saw a party of three children walking towards the little girl.

Perhaps it would be as well to wait until the children had gone. He knew them all well by sight—he had seen them playing in the wood many a time: they were Hedwig, and Karl, and Elsa. He left the tree, and quickly hid himself in the branches of another one, a little nearer to them, so that he could watch the children.

Hedwig spoke to the strange little girl, but she shook her head and did not answer. Then Karl said something, but she shook her head again, and when pretty little Elsa spoke to her, she shook her head a third time. The three children laughed and whispered to one another; then Hedwig pointed to the little girl's tears, and they all stopped laughing. Then they spoke to her again, and tried to make her understand by signs, but still she shook her head.

The Master of the little house began to wonder what could be the matter with her. She did not seem to be able to speak or to hear.

Hedwig, Karl, and Elsa soon gave up trying to make the little girl understand, and ran off into the wood. The little girl watched them and wiped her eyes, and when Elsa ran back and offered her a bunch of flowers, she took them and smiled.

The Master felt so glad to see her smile that he began to sing loudly.

The little girl looked up at the tree and moved her lips. She did not seem at all frightened of him. All the Master's anger came back, and he remembered once more how badly he had been treated. He looked up at the house where his old home had been, and left the tree. He would attack the enemy and punish her.

But, alas! for the proud Master of the little house. As he rushed forward to attack her, his foot suddenly caught in something, and he felt himself swinging in the air, unable to get away.

He was terrified, and forgetting in his fright that only an enemy was near, he called loudly for help.

The little girl ran quickly towards him. She did not know that he was the Master of the little house, that he was an enemy rushing to attack her. She only saw a poor frightened bird, beating his wings and vainly trying to free a claw that had caught in a piece of cotton on a bush.

Yet it was the Master of the little house: for he was a bird, and his little Mistress was sitting snugly at home in the warm nest he had built for her.

The little girl held the frightened bird in her hand, untwisted the piece of cotton carefully from his claw, and set the foot free. Then she opened her hand, and the bird flew away through the wood to his nest and his mate as fast as his wings could carry him.

He perched himself outside the round hole, but he did not sing his usual song of welcome. He was much too frightened to utter even a chirp.

The little Mistress, however, was lively and full of news.

"Well," she said, "have you anything to tell me? I have found out all about the people at the big house. A friend has been to call, and she tells me that the poor lady is sick, and that there is only one little girl; and fancy, they are foreigners! The little girl cannot talk as our children do. She only speaks what my friend called English.

"Ah! those poor people! How much better to be a bird! They cannot fly, they only walk; and they do not understand bird-talk. Sometimes they do not understand one another; for my friend was telling me that the children here, Hedwig, and Elsa and Karal, talk what the little girl calls German, and the poor child can only speak English."

But still the Master of the little house said nothing—he was very quiet and seemed lost in thought.

And down at the big house the little girl was talking quietly to her father, who had just called her in to tell her that her mother was somewhat better.

She told him about the children who could not understand and the bird she had rescued, and she said:

"Poor little birdie, he was so frightened, poor thing! I'm glad I'm not a bird, though perhaps if I were I should be able to understand German. Do the birds speak English or German, papa?"

But her father only smiled and shook his head.

TRANSFORMED BY ANTS.—A traveler in Central Australia has discovered that the surface of the country has been greatly changed by what may appear at first a ridiculous agency—the white ants. On plains and thickets their nests are so numerous that it is difficult to drive among them. The clay with which the nests are built is when cemented with resinous matter as hard as brick, and when the nests fall to pieces they form clay flats, almost impervious to water and not easily cut up by traffic. The work of these creatures can be studied in all stages: first in the thickets, where they are commencing work; then in the more open country, where they have crowded out the timber; next on the plains, where half the hills will be found deserted; and lastly on the clay flats, where they have almost entirely disappeared and the scrub has begun to grow again. The nests are further remarkable for the large proportion of iron they contain.

MISERS AND WEALTH.

Misers are not confined to one class of the community, but have been, at least, as common to the higher ranks as to the lower. John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, was the greatest soldier in Europe. Yet, when he was an old man, in order to save sixpence from carriage hire, he would walk from the public rooms in Bath to his hotel in all kinds of weather. He died worth one million sterling, which reverted to his bitterest enemy, his grandson, Lord Trevors.

Sir Harvey Elwes, of Stoke, in Suffolk, next to hoarding money, found his principal pleasure in netting partridges. He and his household, consisting of one man and two maids, lived upon these. In cold or wet weather Sir Harvey would walk up and down his hall to save fire. His clothes cost him nothing, for he ransacked old chests and wardrobes, and wore those of his ancestors. When he died the only tear shed was by his servant, to whom he left a farm, value £50 per annum. The whole of his property was left to his nephew, John Maggott, who thus inherited real and personal estate worth £250,000, on condition that he should assume the name and arms of Elwes.

Of this man, who is better known as John Elwes, the miser, the following story is told: His nephew, Colonel Timms, visited him at Marcham; and, after retiring to rest, found himself wet through. Finding that the rain was dripping through the ceiling, he moved the bed. He had not lain long before the same inconvenience again occurred. Again he rose, and again the rain came down. After pushing the bed quite round the room, he found a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and slept until morning. When he met his uncle at breakfast, he told him what had happened.

"Aye, aye," said Mr. Elwes, "I don't mind it myself, but to those who do that's a nice corner in the rain."

Mr. and Mrs. Dancer are reputed the most notorious misers of the eighteenth century. The manner in which this couple were found, after death, to have disposed of their wealth was even more strange than could have been their methods of acquiring it. The total value was £20,000, which was thus disposed of—£2,500 was found under a dunghill; £500 in an old coat nailed to the manger in the stable; £600 in notes were hidden away in an old teapot; the chimney yielded £2,000, stowed in nineteen separate crevices. Several jugs filled with coin were secreted in the stable loft.

The Rev. Mr. Jones, of Blewbury, with a nest egg of £200 and a stipend amounting to £50 per annum, left at death the sum of £10,000. He had been rector of his parish for forty years, and during all that time only one person had been known to sit at his festal table. No fire was ever lighted in his house; nor was a servant kept. In winter he would visit his parishioners, to keep himself from starving of cold, rather than light a fire at the rectory.

As like affects like, so it is with misers; and gold will go where gold is. This is strikingly illustrated by the act of a celebrated Greek, one Dichonus Dichonus, a descendant of the Byzantine Emperors. This man, by the exercise of extreme niggardliness, managed to amass the sum of £10,000—an immense fortune in those days. Then came the question, to whom should he leave it. One day a distant relative sent him a letter written upon a square inch of paper; this was sufficient. In the fitness of things the parsimonious correspondent became the miser's heir.

AN instrument, called the autographometer, has lately been devised which autographically records the plan of the ground over which it is dragged. It can be carried about on a light vehicle, and indicates the differences of level of all places over which it passes.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

It appears that there are now 250 lepers in Louisiana.

The average sunshine of London is only 20 hours per week.

England buys $10,000,000 worth of toys of Germany annually.

It is stated that the Prince of Wales will visit Canada next year.

A Milwaukee minister married nine couples on the Fourth of July.

There are said to be 170,255 miles of railroads in the United States.

Gainesville, Fla., has a hen which cackled incessantly for three days.

An American living at Zacatecas, Mex., is reported to have buried 12 wives.

A Jones Club has been organized at Walnut Grove, Ala., with over 100 members.

A 6-year-old-boy, of Bridgeport, N. J., is reported to have lived four days on bark.

The gambling tables at Monte Carlo netted their proprietors over $5,000,000 last year.

Delaware county, N. Y., is being invaded by a new variety of birds that destroy potato bugs.

Charles Hollinger, colored, who died at Thibodaux, La., lately, was claimed to be 108 years old.

In English law an eaves-dropper is considered as a common nuisance, and is punishable by law.

A Roman scientist, Dr. Fornearl, has demonstrated that tobacco smoke kills nearly all kinds of germs.

A boy near Grand Rapids, Mich., is raising crickets by thousands, and sells them to anglers for bait.

While a colored resident of Lebanon, Conn., was sleeping, a few nights ago, he swallowed his false teeth.

Black visiting cards, with names printed in gold, have been introduced by some of the London stationers.

During the second quarter of this year there have been organized in the South 761 new industrial enterprises.

The orange was originally pear-shaped and about the size of the wild cherry. Its evolution has required 1200 years.

A despatch from Allentown, Pa., dated July 9, says that "Mrs. Adam Wuchter, of Whitehall, has fasted for 901 days."

A 6-year-old Salem, Oregon, girl became so excited about a fire that her heart stopped beating and she dropped dead.

The longest canal in the world is said to be the one which extends from the frontier of China to St. Petersburg. It measures in all 4172 miles.

Probably the largest well in the United States is the Sampson, at Waco, Texas. It is claimed to throw up 1,500,000 gallons of hot water daily.

A newsboy at West Chester, Pa., and an organ grinder's monkey had a lively combat a few days ago, in which the monkey came out victorious.

A greyhound mother at Nevada, Mo., having had two pups carried off, hunted them up, carried them home, dug a hole under the house and hid them.

The Denver bank clerks jointly own a cottage in the Rocky Mountains, where they all pass their vacations, occupying it in detachments during the summer.

A Georgia farmer, while on his way to Augusta with a load of chickens and eggs, had his wagon turned over and broke 225 dozen eggs and killed 37 chickens. All the hen's eggs were broken, but none of the guinea eggs.

The deadly camera is said to have been a witness of the unlawful proceedings of the Homestead strikers, and is expected to give important testimony in the prosecution against the ringleaders by the Carnegie Steel Company.

Another of Dickens' "impossible characters" has been discovered in real life. Fagin, the Jew, alias Philip George, was recently arrested in Cleveland, Ohio, for teaching little boys the art of burglary, and supplying them with jimmies, revolvers and diamonds to cut glass.

The Massachusetts State prison at Charlestown must be an uncomfortable place of residence; otherwise nine convicts who escaped from it recently would not have been so desperately anxious to get away as to wriggle a distance of 70 feet through a sewer only 12½ by 19 inches and then two squares through a sewer only three feet in diameter.

Mr. Dyer, who lives on a small island near Seven Hundred Acre Island, Isleboro, Me., has a unique way of catching seals. He takes a pole several feet in length, to which are attached a number of common codfish hooks with lanyards several feet in length. The hooks are baited with herring. This contrivance is anchored and buoyed, the hooks being just below the surface. The seals, in swallowing the herring, become hooked and are caught. Mr. Dyer has taken a large number in this manner.

THOUGHTS.

BY A. T. M.

How oft have airy castles
Faded with the sun gone down!
Like the night that gathers o'er me
Seems the world on me to frown!
But the morning light appearing,
Soon the misty veil withdrawn,
Life seems worth the price of living,
Hope comes back with early dawn.

Let me rest here in the sunlight,
Nature's beauties to behold,
While I ponder o'er the pleasures
That my own heart used to hold.
Yonder leaves upon the maple
All their crimson charms display—
Tell me like a printed volume
Life is passing fast away.

ODD WEDDINGS.

The average American bride has a passion for odd wedding-places. The hum-drum ceremony, as we know it, is too uneventful for her; she wants the excitement of novelty. Her husband, when he comes to her, must come picturesquely. If there is a lofty mountain near her home, she has a notion that it would be pleasant to be married on its summit. If there is a cave under a cataract, she fixes on that damp though romantic spot as a likely wedding-place. Natural impediments fail to daunt her; wet feet and the ills that accompany exposure merely give an additional touch of romance to the proceedings.

News has reached us of one of the grimmest marriage freaks on record. Their first step was to fix on a likely spot for a family vault. This having been done to their satisfaction, they called their friends together, and were married on the very place where they had described to be put to rest. One shudders to think of such a wormy prelude to a honeymoon.

One couple in this city claim to have been married in a switchback car. They had been parted for ten years by a lovers' quarrel, but when they did get married, resolved to made some noise over it. Surely this was the fastest marriage on record. The young woman who could do anything on a switchback but gasp and hold on must have been very determined.

Compared with this, a wedding in a Pullman car is commonplace, and the numerous instances of such unions hardly deserve to be recorded here.

One of the most recent of wedding freaks is the matrimonial balloonist. More than one enterprising couple have joined hands for life in a balloon, greatly to the discomfort of the officiating clergyman, who had no desire to move skyward before the debt of nature made that proceeding unavoidable. The moment the ceremony was over the balloon was let go, and the happy pair commenced their honeymoon careering through space.

There is no limit to the matrimonial ingenuity of this sort. One marriageable girl of New York has intimated that whoever weds her will have to do so in an elevator, and another actually carried out her intention to change her name in a diving bell. The bell was wreathed with flowers, but the air space was too limited, and the surroundings altogether too suggestive of Jonah's lodgings to prompt a repetition. Some day a more courageous girl than usual will get wed down a coal pit.

It would not be the right direction for young folks to turn, and bridal white would look ghastly in the black setting of coal galleries, but not more ghastly than the midnight marriage at the tapping of a blast furnace, which has just been proposed in Pittsburg.

Nothing in industry is more weirdly beautiful than the scene presented by a bleeding blast furnace in the blackness of night. The only light comes from the stream of liquid iron that glides like a serpent from the furnace foot, slowly draining the fiery lake within, and hissing and spluttering as it feels its way along the sand beds. This is the light by which the Pittsburg bride would wed. She must have some imagination, but no notion of comfort.

Ladies who impose such conditions must be more particular where they marry than whom they marry. Some American girls are, indeed, matrimonially speaking, of a most accommodating disposition. In the early days, when the maiden knew little of her suitor until she met him at the altar, the substitution of one bridegroom for another might not have been of much account. Girls have more voice in the matter nowadays, and one does not expect them to leave the choice of a husband to chance.

Yet this was the deliberate action of one American girl, known as the Tennessee "Oil Queen," who added to much personal beauty a university degree and a big pile of dollars. Two of her lovers were so equally to her liking that she could not settle between them; so, to avoid the inevitable shooting, her father proposed an eight miles running race, the victor to wed the lady before night. No objection was raised either by the rivals or the object of their regard. Perhaps the young lady had learned something about the sprinting powers of the younger and more ardent lover of the two. In any case, he soon outpaced his older and wealthier rival, and raced himself into possession of a wife and a fortune at the same time.

There is an odd story told by a Norfolk vicar of one of his parishioners who was married by instalments. He had gone to church with his bride, and had expressed his readiness to forsake all others, and keep only to her as long as they both should live. When it came to the young woman's turn, however, she was not so minded. No persuasion could make her agree to her share of the bargain. Pleading and storming were alike in vain, and at last the intended couple left the church, no more to each other than when they entered it.

The village people stared to find that the would-be bridegroom was an even more ardent lover after this incident than before it. He laid steady siege to the heart of the fickle lair one, and at last induced her to go to church with him again. His scheme was to get her there and leave her in the lurch, as she had left him. To the horror of the conspirator, the vicar proposed to take up the marriage service where it was left off on the former occasion, and getting a ready assent from the young woman to fulfil the conditions she had previously declined, went on without hindrance to the end, and bound the disgusted bridegroom tightly to the expected object of his revenge.

Grains of Gold.

Ignorance is the mother of impudence.

Don't look back and you won't want to go back.

Most anything can be forgiven easier than selfishness.

Temptations resisted are stepping stones to heaven.

A fool thinks he is right because he can't see very far.

Indecision is the greatest robber on the face of the earth.

Sometimes we take a long step by being put down a bit.

A seed that will not grow is no better than one that is rotten.

It is hard to be a friend to a man who is an enemy to himself.

The first mile toward hell always looks like a short cut to heaven.

No college can do much for the man who thinks he knows it all himself.

The spider probably thinks that the bee is wasting time in making honey.

The man who brags much on his goodness will bear a good deal of watching.

Half the troubles we look for do not come; and it is never worth while to waste the hours in worrying.

Superabundance is a trouble; want, a misery; and an exalted station a great burden; but competence is true happiness.

Femininities.

False modesty is the refinement of vanity.

Ten per cent. of the population of India are widows.

A 14-year-old boy at San Jose, Cal., thrashed his father because he ordered him to bring in some hay.

It's only when a baby is very homely that its mother can see a resemblance between it and her husband's folks.

A boy aged 15 and a girl aged 13, both of Stuttgart, Germany, fell in love. It didn't agree with them, so they drowned themselves.

An Atchison, Kan., bride is not only supporting her husband, but is paying something every month on his first wife's funeral expenses.

Jeannette: "Does Miss Boardman get her lovely complexion from her father or her mother?" Gladys, sweetly: "From her father. He's in the drug business."

He: "Goodness! Eleven o'clock! How time flies when we're together, dear." She: "Doesn't it, though? I know of nothing like it, except when I am shopping."

Agnes Delaney was arraigned in the Harlem, N. Y., police court recently, and, upon being searched by the matron, a loaded revolver was found in her stocking.

Ella: "Do you believe in signs, Algy, dear?" Algy: "To tell the truth, darling, I always was a little superstitious." Ella: "Well, there is a sign that says 'Ice Cream.'"

"You are an idiot!" angrily exclaimed a domineering wife. "So my friends said when I married you," quietly replied the husband. And she became more infuriated than ever.

Swedish women are said to excel in wood carving, lithography, modeling, decorative painting and art embroideries. For many years a woman has been the engraver of medals in the royal mint at Stockholm.

She: "But, George, dear, do you think you can support me on ten dollars a week?" He: "Think, darling? I know it. There's a place down town where we can get twenty-one meal tickets for two dollars and a half."

"I am glad to become acquainted with you, Mrs. Montooth," said the lady, somewhat embarrassed, to the neighbor who had called on her for the first time. "How is Mr. Montooth, and how are the little Misses Montooth?"

A young lady the other day, when asked by the officiating minister, "Will you love, honor and obey this man as your husband, and be to him a true wife?" said plainly, "Yes, if he does what he promised me financially."

Miss Ella L. Knowles, the People's party nominee for Attorney General in Montana, is a New Hampshire girl who graduated at a Maine college in 1884, and is now one of the most successful and prosperous lawyers in Helena.

Jane, under nine, to her governess: "Miss Blunt, when ma asks you to have some more wine to-day at dinner, do, please, say 'Yes.'" Governess: "Why? What do you wish me to take more wine for?" Jane: "Oh, I only want to see ma's face!"

At the seaside. Heroic girl: "What has become of that handsome man who cheered so loudly when I rescued the little boy from drowning?" Friend: "He is over there on the veranda proposing to the girl who screamed and fainted."

It is said that Mr. Gladstone hardened himself for exposure bareheaded at outdoor public meetings by habitually sitting at a window from which a strong draught was coming. This is a heroic device for a strong man, but it would be likely to play havoc with a weakling.

A gentleman from the provinces went into the shop of a Parisian tailor to order some clothes. While his measure was being taken, he said: "You must find that I am very badly dressed!" "Oh, no," replied the artist; "you are not dressed at all; you are simply covered!"

Jack: "So you are going to marry Tom Chapman, Edith?" Edith: "Yes. What do you think of me for accepting a man who is 10 years old?" Jack: "I think you are very wise. When two people of nearly the same age marry they are generally happy." And now he can't understand why she is so cool toward him.

The Rothschilds have a pretty way of providing a birthday present for all the girls of the family when they come of age. At the birth of each little girl six pearls, valued at $200, are put aside. Six more are added at every birthday, and when the young lady reaches the age of 21 she is presented with the valuable necklace.

A smart young man in Walla Walla, Wash., started out to have some fun by scaring two young women who were to return homeward through a wooded stretch of road. He put on a buffalo robe and started out to play bear. The girls attacked the supposed bear with heavy stones and then thumped it with clubs before the young man squealed. He was so badly bruised that he could hardly crawl home.

Masculinities.

The more love a man has in his heart, the more he needs brains in his head.

Before you go to boasting that you have been bad, be sure that you have got entirely over it.

How sweet it is for the old to give good advice, when it is too late for them to set bad examples!

They who are over-anxious to know how the world values them will seldom be set down at their own price.

William Davis, of Monticello, Cal., who has buried four wives, took unto himself another, on July 4th, at Carthage, Ill.

Jacob Ausman, a salt manufacturer of Syracuse, N. Y., is reported to have eloped with his 19-year-old daughter-in-law.

An 8-year-old girl of Philomath, O., fell into a well 25 feet deep. She clung to the bucket rope and was rescued uninjured.

He who makes a great fuss about doing good will do very little; he who wishes to be noticed when doing good will not do it long.

Johnnie, calling down stairs: "Oh, ma, pa has lost his collar button!" Ma: "Well, hurry and take the parrot out of the room and hang the cage in the hall.

They say that every man has his price. The trouble is, however, that few men would bring at a forced sale more than a third of what they call themselves worth.

The largest child in Connecticut for its years is reputed to be the 6-year-old daughter of J. L. Humphrey, of Torrington. She weighs 125 pounds, and is gaining fast.

Perhaps the world will become wise enough some day to find out how it comes that the people who have no children think they know the most about how to train them.

A Nevada hunter spent three months looking for a grizzly bear, and the man's relatives have spent three months looking for him. They think he must have found the bear.

A Paris shoeblack states that the rising generation of that city is mean. "They all take cabs," he says, "in order to keep their shoes clean and economize the cost of blacking."

Small boy: "Sis says you have the advantage over her. You can eat and talk at the same time." Young man: "How's that?" Small boy: "Sis says that you talk through your nose."

Without virtue and without integrity the finest talents and most brilliant accomplishments can never gain the respect and conciliate the esteem of the truly valuable part of mankind.

Doctor: "You are overworked. You must stop it." Patient: "I am so accustomed to work that I can't stop." Doctor: "Then get a position as a city laborer and work on the streets. You must have rest."

In Peking care is taken that no one builds his house higher than his neighbor's, lest he should be "peeking" into the adjoining court-yards or small gardens in which the ladies of each family are at times wont to sit.

All is not attractive that is good. Iron is useful, though it does not sparkle like the diamond. Gold has not the fragrance of a flower. So different people have different modes of excellence, and we must have an eye to all.

Johnson: "Been away on your vacation?" Jackson: "Yes; went down to Shelter Island. Lots of fishing and that sort of thing, you know." "That's the kind! Any game?" "You bet! Poker every night in the week and all Sunday."

A slender acquaintance with the world must convince every man that actions, not words, are the true criterion of the attachment of friends; and that the most liberal professions of goodwill are very far from being the surest marks of it.

Frank Murphy went to sleep in a New York saloon on a recent night, and when he awoke he discovered that his watch was gone. The next day a man stopped him on the street and offered to sell him the stolen watch. Murphy had the man arrested.

"I do not like the smell of whisky," said the employer to the employe, on whose breath he detected a little of the aroma of the still. "Neither do I," was the unexpected reply; "wouldn't it be splendid if we could get rid of the smell in some way so that our friends would not perceive it?"

A young man of Lawrence county, Ga., started to go to Dublin, the county seat, one day recently, to get a marriage license, but on reaching Burton he was informed that the supply of marriage licenses was exhausted. He invested his money in a pair of shoes and went home perfectly satisfied.

The German military law is an extremely simple one; it obliges every man to be enrolled for three years on active service, and to pass four years in the reserves and five in the landwehr. After that the soldier enters the landsturm, and remains in it for so long as he can bear arms; but he is liable to be called out only in case his country is invaded.

His Great Mistake.

BY C. S. T.

"WHAT a fool I was!"

Dr. Frankton threw the "Morning Post" from him, and fell into a brown study.

He was a tall, angular young man, who never lost an opportunity of "getting on in the world." He was just a little too anxious for success, and therefore overreached himself.

Other men, careless of prosperity, were settled in snug country practices or fashionable West-End ones, while John Frankton still vegetated in the dreary street near the British Museum.

It was when he first started practice in the East End that he missed his opportunity. He was thinking of her that morning as he sat at his untidy breakfast table. What a slip-shod, wretched-looking place his was! What a fool he had been!

She was only an East-End seamstress, a starved, hollow-eyed girl. It was Christmas Eve. He had been to see Mrs. Turley's baby, and was hurrying down the foul, rickety stairs of the tenement house when a tousled head thurst itself out from one of the doors, and a voice, thick with liquor, asked him to step up at once to the back room on the floor above.

"The woman there's a-dyin'. We hain't no time for sick nursin' here, but she oughter see a doctor."

He went to the room, tapped at the door, and, receiving no answer, walked in. In the gloom of the closing winter day he could just see the miserable bed by the window and the girl who lay on it. Young she was and fair, with tangled, auburn hair falling over the pillow, wild eyes of darkest blue, and cheeks in which burnt the crimson rose of fever.

Foul air, poor food, and overwork had done their worst. In another day the fever would have killed her. But John Frankton nursed her with a devotion strange in him, who had always been hard headed as a man of fifty, and not given to impulsive bursts of feeling.

But now his heart was touched. As she crawled back to life and once more opened those blue eyes on a world which had been too rough with her, his passion grew with her strength.

He fought with it: he told himself that marriage with this beautiful woman of the people meant social ruin. And when he married, he meant that his wife should be so chosen that she might lift him; not be her.

In a few weeks Annie Wilson was well enough to resume work. She stitched shirts by the dozen, finding her own needle and thread. Toil as she might, not much margin was left for food and firing.

The doctor continued his visits. It was imprudent, but he could not tear her out of his heart. He would have been content to sit for hours watching the girl as she sat by the window catching all she could of the murky London light.

They did not talk, because the whirr of Annie's machine made that impossible, but John Frankton feasted his eyes on the graceful lines of her figure, whose beauty even a patched and faded gown could not wholly disguise; on the down-bent head, coiled with rich hair; on the perfect curves of cheek and mouth.

She was pale and thin, but how lovely, even midst squalid surroundings! He longed to make her his own: to give her proper food, dainty belongings, pretty to wear.

An East-End seamstress! Impossible! True, there was a refinement about her unusual in her class. Her voice was low and her speech fairly good. Her hands, he noticed, were shapely, though the fingers were much disfigured by ugly brown needle stabs.

One day his heart got the better of his head. He was telling her how he loved her; he was holding out his arms.

She was not quite so willing as she should have been to drop into them.

But she left off working, and sat with eyes cast down and flickering color. How long her lashes were: how flawless her smooth, clear skin!

"I love you, Annie, dear. I should like to make you my wife, to make a lady of you. But—but—you see the position, do you not? It's impossible! Think of the disparity—of the things people would say. And I'm a young man with my way to win in the world. Have you nothing to say?" he concluded, petulantly, as she sat motionless, with nothing but the changing color in her face to tell of life.

There was a moment's silence in the squalid room. Then the seamstress tore a width of calico in two and proceeded to six a seam. There was a woman's angry voice downstairs, a child's shriek of pain, an oath, and the banging of a door.

The doctor's nerves were strained. He began to wish he had never seen the tenement house and the pearl of women who lived in it. At last she raised her eye and looked into his homely face. It might have been fancy, yet he thought he read contempt in those passionless azure depths.

"I've got nothing to say, except that you've made a fool of yourself, and I think you had better leave me to get on with my work."

It was a course answer, and the Cockney twang in her speech was more evident than usual.

The loud whirr of the machine filled the room, and John Frankton groped down the dark stairway.

He did not see her again. He went home to the people, and in the solitude of the country lanes tried to forget. But he could not, on returning to London his first visit was to the tenement house.

Annie Wilson had gone!

The drawing room of a town house. Sir Somers Carr, the eminent oculist, was giving a large dinner party, and John Frankton was one of the guests.

After the squalor of Whitechapel it was refreshing to be amidst evidences of cultured wealth: the doctor liked to watch the graceful, well-bred women, the jewels flashing on the white necks, the flowers glowing in soft hair. It was even a satisfaction to wear his own evening dress, sombre as it was.

A few minutes before dinner was announced Sir Somers introduced him to the lady he was to take down. He caught the name—Lady Hilda Edgecumbe. She was a slim, pretty blonde, in a gown of shimmering blue, and with a fillet of silver confinding her wealth of auburn hair.

The fairy godmother has transformed his Cinderella; he knew her at once—his East-End love.

But she chattered smoothly of the latest novel, the new opera, the forthcoming royal visit—anything, everything but of him and their former acquaintence. He was determined she should remember.

Very adroitly he led the conversation to the labor question, to the toilers in the East End, to the sweating system.

She shruggled her pretty shoulders, and said it was dreadful, but did not interest her much.

The doctor was nonplussed. For a little while he devoted his attention to the dinner itself, and his fair neighbor talked to the young man on her left, who had been dying for a word with the prettiest woman in the room.

At last John Frankton played a bold game.

"How can you pretend to forget?" he said. "What is the meaning of it all? Are you Lady Hilda Edgecumber, or Annie Wilson, or—"

"The woman your position precluded your marrying?" she finished, calmly. "I am all three."

"My darling!"

"H—sh! Some one will hear."

"I love you."

"Of course. You said so before."

"But you did not. Try to now. Whisper it."

She was drawing her glove up her round arm.

He saw the color rise in her cheek. The blue eyes were humid.

The hostess gave the signal. Lady Hilda rose. There was a rustle of silk—a procession of women towards the door.

"Love gave place to contempt," she whispered, hurriedly, as she followed in the wake of the rest.

A rose fell from her bodice to the ground. He picked it up and crushed it in his pocket.

When he went upstairs, she was under the wing of a chaperon in black silk and point lace.

When the chaperon took a quiet hand at whist, her place was taken by a young man with straw-colored hair. He took his seat with the air of one who had a right to it, and the twain flirted openly before the mortified doctor's very eyes.

Later on Lady Hilda sang.

"She has a lovely voice," purred the chaperon to Frankton. "A beautiful girl, too, with a forture, but so peculiar. Her latest fad was to earn her living as seamstress in the East End. She worked her fingers to the bone and half killed herself. At last her father fetched her away. So dreadfully Quixotic, was it not?"

Soon afterwards every one went away, and John Frankton found himself walking eastwards, without a word of farewell from Lady Hilda.

He never saw her again. Their ways in life lay in different directions. He called on her thrice, but she was never at home; then she went abroad, and then—

He took up the paper again—

"On the 10th inst., at St. George's Hanover Square, Lord Elton to Lady Hilda Edgecumbe."

MAKING HERSELF AGREEABLE.—A clever, bright woman, who makes it a point to find out in what subject the person to whom she is introduced is interested, and to lead the conversation speedily to it, had an amusing experience, which she relates with great glee. A dinner was given by an intimate friend, and she whispered hurriedly to her hostess, who had introduced to her a preternaturally grave man who was to take her in to dinner, "What does he like to talk about best?"

"Butter?" seemed to say the hostess's lips, with a meaning smile.

It appeared a strange subject, but the tactful guest brought the conversation round to it, and, as she afterwards said, "talked as if to know good butter when one saw and tasted it was one of the most important things in the world!"

Her companion did not seem interested, and the conversation first dragged and then came to a stop. Another effort, and then the lady gave up the task, and devoted herself to her neighbor on the other side.

The "butter" man was obliged to leave, pleading another engagement, the moment dinner was over, much to the evident regret of his hostess.

"It's too bad he could not stay longer, and talk to us," lamented the hostess to her friend. "He's a charming man. I knew you'd be just the one to get him in a good mood for talking, and then I thought we could all reap the benefit."

"Charming! That man!" repeated the guest. "Why, he scarcely opened his mouth, though I racked my brains to make the 'butter' question attractive."

"Butter!" ejaculated her hostess, in dismay. "I said 'Buddha!' I supposed of course you knew he was a high authority on the subject. What must he have thought?"

"I fancy," replied her friend, drily, "that he thought he was talking to the manager of a dairy show."

SUICIDE OF A MONKEY.—Whether animals ever really kill themselves intentionally has often been questioned; but well authenticated cases of dogs and cats compassing their own death have been known, and here is a strictly true story of a monkey who apparently did the same.

It was a spider monkey, a pet, who was ill, and plainly could not live. To save her suffering her loving mistress decided to have her shot, and she was entrusted to a kind-hearted man, who agreed to put a merciful end to her troubles. He took her to his place out of town, and while he made his preparations left her alone in a large, unfurnished room.

The room had been used for some sort of entertainment, and had, hanging from a beam, a rope with a noose at the end, used to hold a lantern.

There was no way of getting up to the beam except by climbing the upright side beams and the monkey was weak from her illness; yet when the man came back in about a half hour, he found her hanging and dead.

No one had been in. She had climbed to the beam, drawn up the rope, and put her head through the noose, or else climbed down the rope for the purpose.

There is scarcely a doubt that it was a deliberate suicide. The man who found her, and who had had great experience with the spider monkey, declared that she understood her condition, and preferred to end her career.

A MAGNIFICENT PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS!

"THE RUSSIAN WEDDING FEAST."

CONSTANTINE MAKOFFSKY stands at the head of art in Russia, and his great painting "The Wedding Feast," was awarded the highest prize at the International Exposition 1885, and is one of the celebrated pictures of the century. The artist has selected for his subject the bride's first appearance in society. The husband and wife are represented standing at the head of the table, and the guests and friends are merrily welcoming the young couple to the feast. The cups are raised to drink her health and happiness when the bridegroom shall have taken his first kiss. With drooping eyes and face covered with blushes, the bride, conscious that every eye rests upon her, is a picture of innocence and loveliness. Her guardian is by her side, filled with love and admiration as she unveils the bride. All the assembly manifest the utmost pleasure and interest in the event.

This is a picture which will appeal especially to those who prefer the portrayal of domestic joys rather than the splendor of war or the suffering of religious faith. It is a glimpse of real life into which the poetry of love enters deeply.

The Picture we offer, size of which is 21x28 inches, printed on the thickest canvas paper, is an exact fac-simile of the original, in magnificence of coloring as well as in all other respects. "The Russian Wedding Feast" was exhibited in Antwerp in 1884, and soon after purchased for $40,000, and brought to this country.

THIS PICTURE IN BEAUTIFUL COLORS HAS THE APPEARANCE OF AN OIL PAINTING, AND IS THE HANDSOMEST EVER GIVEN AS A PREMIUM, AND WE OFFER IT FREE OF CHARGE TO EVERY OLD AND NEW SUBSCRIBER WHO SENDS US $2.00 FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE

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It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Colds, Congestions, Inflammations, Lumbago, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, or any other Pain, a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

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CURED and PREVENTED.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

A CURE FOR ALL

SUMMER COMPLAINTS!

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CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon affect a cure.

Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the Cure of Chronic Diseases.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure.

Sold by all Druggists. One Dollar a Bottle.

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from disease of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pains in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25 CENTS per box. Sold by all druggists.

If your druggist or storekeeper does not happen to have Radway's Pills on hand, send 25 cts. for one box or $1 for five boxes of Pills, to Radway & Co., 32 Warren st., New York, and WE WILL SEND THEM BY MAIL.

Recent Book Issues.

"Not on Calvary," by a layman. This book is the most orthodox heterodoxy that has issued from the press for a long time, and it cannot fail to command attention. C. T. Dillingham & Co., New York.

Harry Hawes, M. D., has issued an original, interesting and brief "Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus." The subject is old, but under this gentleman's hand it becomes new. Published at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

"The Hand of Destiny," by Ossip Schubin, translated by Mary D. Robinson, has just been published by Worthington & Co., New York, in "The Fair Library." It is an excellent story whose character is told in its quoted line "Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel."

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The English Illustrated Magazine" for August is out and contains a number of highly entertaining illustrated and unillustrated articles on choice topics. Macmillan & Co., New York.

"Cassell's Family Magazine" is one of the best, as it is among the cheapest of the really good magazines. The August number, just out, fully maintains its reputation for excellence and variety of matter. Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

"The Magazine of Art" for August is up to the fullest standard of this magnificent publication, and that is perfection. The pictures are in the highest style of art, and reading matter as entertainingly handled as it is valuable to all interested in this subject. Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

POOR KO-AI!—"When the bell-tower of Peking was built," says Mr. Stent, in a paper on Chinese legends, "the Emperor Yung-lo, of the Ming dynasty, ordered a great mandarin, named Kuan-yu, to cast a bell big enough for such a noble building. Time after time Kuan-yu and the cleverest workmen in the country tried to cast a bell and failed; the casting was always honey-combed, and the Emperor said that, if there was one more failure, Kuan-yu's head should pay the forfeit.

"Now Kuan-yu had a daughter, a lovely girl of sixteen, named Ko-ai; and, when she learned what was to be done, she went to a celebrated astrologer and asked the cause of her father's failure. Some demon, she was told, required a maiden's blood to be mixed with the metal, and, unless this was done, the next casting would be a failure like the others. Ko-ai at once took her resolution.

"She got leave from her father to be present at the casting; and, amid the dead silence which prevailed when the taps were drawn and the molten stream poured down into the mould, a shriek was heard, and, crying out, 'For my father!' Ko-ai threw herself headlong into the seething metal.

"One of the workmen tried to seize her, but succeeded in getting hold only of a shoe, which came off in his hand. The father had to be held back by force from following Ko-ai's example. He was taken home a raving madman; but the bell was perfect in make and tone, and, when struck, its sonorous boom is to this day followed by a low wailing sound like the wail of a woman in agony, and when people hear it, they say, 'There's poor Ko-ai calling for her shoe.'"

THE editor of the "Gentlewoman" put to his readers the question: "Do women desire to vote for Members of Parliament?" and asked them to vote thereon. The ballot, after being open for several weeks, closed with the following result: 8301 voting "Yes," and 1158 voting "No" in answer to the above question.

DR. FRANKLIN says that "every little fragment of the day should be saved." Oh, yes, the moment the day breaks, not yourselves at once to saving the pieces.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

MANY great men have expressed a wish as to the kind of death they wanted to die, and they have mostly desired a sudden death. Perhaps, in this matter, old Fuller, who had thought over all possible modes of exit, arrived at the wisest conclusion: "None please me."

SPEND YOUR VACATION ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. It will only cost you about $13 from Detroit or $18 from Cleveland for the round trip, including meals and berths. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The island itself is a grand, romantic spot; its climate is most invigorating. Save your money by traveling between Detroit and Cleveland, via the D. & C. Line. Fare, $2.25. This division is equipped with two new steamers, "City of Detroit" and "City of Cleveland," now famous as the largest and most magnificent on fresh water. Leave every night, arriving the following morning at destination, making SURE connection with all morning trains. Palace steamers, four trips per week between Detroit, Mackinac, Petoskey, the "Soo" and Marquette. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co., Detroit, Mich.

FREE.

SUPERB FORM. LOVELY COMPLEXION. PERFECT HEALTH.

These are my portraits, and on account of the fraudulent air-pumps, "wafers," etc., offered for development, I will tell any lady FREE what I used to secure these changes. HEALTH (cure of that "tired" feeling and all female diseases) SUPERB FORM. Brilliant EYES and perfectly Pure COMPLEXION assured.

Will send sealed letter. Avoid advertising frauds. Name this paper, and address MRS. ELLA M. DENT, STATION S, San Francisco, Cal.

JAPANESE PILE CURE

A cure for Piles, External, Internal, Blind, Bleeding, and Itching, Chronic, Recent, or Hereditary. This remedy has positively never been known to fail. $1 a box, six for $5, by mail. A written guarantee given with six boxes, when purchased at one time, to refund the $5 if not cured. Guarantee issued by FINNERTY, McCLURE & CO., Wholesale and Retail Agents, 106 Market Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

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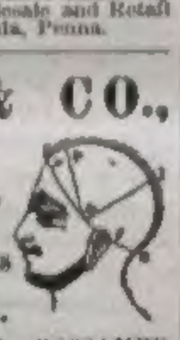

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Norwich, Norfolk, England.
Nov., 29, '88.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA,

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

To MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STEET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

BEATTY PIANOS, ORGANS, $25 up. Want ag'ts. Cat. free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N.J.

TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. Postage stamps, 2's, taken. For Ten Cents extra a music book containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address—

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

UNIVERSAL BATH. Vapor and Water—fresh, salt, Mineral. Centennial Award, Medal and Diploma, against the world. Wholesale & Retail. Old Baths Renewed.

Send for Circulars. E. J. KNOWLTON, Ann Arbor, Mich.

$7.50 FOR A DAYS' WORK. GOOD PAY! STEADY WORK IF DESIRED. Address JAMES LEE & CO., 215 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

MATRIMONIAL PAPER Containing nearly 300 advertisements (with residences) of ladies and gentlemen wanting correspondents. Copy in plain sealed wrapper 10c. HEART and HAND, 69 Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

YOUR FUTURE REVEALED. Written prediction of your life, 10c. Give date of birth. Astrologer, Box 276, Kansas City, Mo.

A GOOD GIRLS Rare book, 100 pages. Richly illustrated. Secure. 25c. Globe Book Co., Chicago, Ill.

PILES Remedy Free. INSTANT RELIEF. Final cure in 10 days. Never returns; no purge; no salve; no suppository. A victim tried in vain every remedy has discovered a simple cure, which he will mail free to his fellow sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3200, New York City, N. Y.

Weak Men INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days; never returns. I will send (sealed) FREE to my fellow-sufferers a prescription to enlarge small weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address, with stamp, L. S. Franklin, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

PUGET SOUND Is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its Greatest City. Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from $200 TO $250 per lot on EASY TERMS. Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the **FAIRHAVEN**

WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

Humorous.

SHE HAS LOTS OF STYLE.

She can fix her hair in fashion, and her manner's rather dashing, and her dainty little shoes are just in style;
She can chatter French and German, and expound upon a sermon, and set a person crazy with her smile.
In the tastes that are esthetic, and in mixing face cosmetic, they say she has no equal anywhere;
And in chewing tutti-frutti she enhances much her beauty, and the settings in her teeth are very rare.
She can strum a grand piano, and can sing in great crescendo, and her style of elocution's very trim;
She has college education, is the pride of her relation, but still persists in saying "It is him."

—U. N. Nonx.

Pictorial Phrase.

A young man who knows when he is well off.

A well-known General—General debility.

What keeps Lent the longest and best?—Money.

"Generous to a fault" may be said of the majority of men—at least they are generous enough to their own faults.

An amateur farmer sent to an agricultural society to put him down on the premium list for a calf. They did so.

A pretty girl won a musket at a lottery. When they gave it to her, she asked, "Don't they give a soldier with it?"

A citizen of Cork being asked one morning how he "came by that black eye," answered that he "slept on his flea."

"Why do you not eat your apple, Tommy?" "I'm waitin' till Johnny Briggs comes along. Apples taste lots better when there's some other kid to watch you eat 'em."

She: "It is shameful how the newspapers talk about the women's bathing suits!" He: "Yes; those newspaper scribblers can make more fuss about a little thing than anybody."

Johnsing: "Wonner why Gus Slasher was so quiet like to-night when yo' beat him at de kyards, Sam?" Smif: "Guess he'd left his razzer at home, chile; an' he knows I never do."

Lauchie: "Fat sort o' a minister his she gotten, Geordie?" Geordie: "Weel, he's no muckle worth; we seldom see him. Sax days o' the week he's invisible, an' on the seventh he's incomprehensible."

Young husband: "I caught my hunting dog with a piece of that cake you made yesterday." Young wife: "I guess the new girl gave it to him." "My gracious! I heard her say she didn't like dogs, but I didn't suppose she was such a fiend as that!"

Servant, delivering message: "Mr. Brown sends his compliments to Mr. Gaasam, with the request that he shoot his dog, which is a nuisance in the neighborhood." Gaasam: "Give my compliments to Mr. Brown, and ask him to kindly poison his daughter or burn her piano."

The editor of a country paper wrote one evening: "To-day is the anniversary of the death of Louis-Philippe." When the printer's proof came to hand, the name read "Sam Phillips." The editor wrote on the margin: "Who the deuce is Sam Phillips?" Next morning the article read: "To-day is the anniversary of the death of Sam Phillips. Who the deuce is Sam Phillips?"

A young minister had been called upon quite unexpectedly to address a Sunday-school, and to give himself time to collect his thoughts he asked a question: "Children," said he, "what shall I speak about?" A little girl on the front seat, who had herself committed to memory several recitations, held up her hand, and in a shrill voice asked, "What do you know?"

"Do you think, Miss Ethel," he inquired, tremulously, "that I could see your father this evening?" "I hardly think so, Mr. Lastyn," she replied, with a soft and not unbecoming blush. "Papa is in the library with Mr. Gotthero, and I expect he will need me, too, in a few minutes. But I am sure that any other evening papa would be more than happy to have you call on him. He is always pleased when young people show him attention."

LATEST FASHION PHRASES.

It is a melancholy fact that few middle aged women seem to know how to dress. They somehow cannot seem to realize that the pretty gown that takes their fancy, as displayed in some windows or upon the form of some slim young girl, looks sadly out of place on their matronly figures, for middle aged woman are apt to be, we will not say fat, but plump, and that extra size destroys the unities altogether.

The greatest mistake a stout woman can make is to wear a gown tightly fitted. The waist is of necessity short, and when the foolish woman tries to hide that fact by a pair of ironclad, steel bound and brass finished corsets, the bust is pushed up under the chin, out of all proportion, and the stomach is pushed downward, to form an ungraceful protuberance and to seriously injure the health. But as nothing can compress the hips or shoulders, the stout woman can only make herself exquisitely uncomfortable and succeed in looking like an hourglass.

There are many designs which really make a stout woman look graceful and far more slender than the tightest lacing possibly can. One such design is in a gown which was made for a very wealthy social leader to wear at receptions. It could not fail to be elegant in any material, the soft summer silks being rather preferable just now. The figure should be small and the color dark.

The original was made in dark heliotrope moire, with the sleeves of mauve China silk and with feather trimming. The fluffy feather trimming around the neck strikes the eyes and detracts from the size of the neck itself, while the drapery front hides the overflowing lines of the bust, and the back being cut princess, with a fan inset at the back forming a train, gives the long sloping lines that take off the appearance of width. The hips do not in this manner seem so much out of proportion. Now let stout ladies study this a little and experiment with it in cheap material if they are fearful, and I am sure they will find that they can dress comfortably and gracefully, at the same time gaining their principal object—an appearance of slenderness. Let all trimming and all lines be long, from shoulder to feet, and the effect will be charming.

A very suitable and useful model for middle aged ladies for street costume will be found in the illustration. A princess dress is scarcely suitable for stout persons except for quite young girls, where the gown buttons in the back. This model can be made of any material suitable to the season, from calico to velvet, but stout ladies will do well to avoid light colors. Very dark stone gray, brown, dark green and black, with some of the plum and heliotrope shades, are the best. The model is in dark gray summer cheviot. The line at the waist can be used or omitted according as the basque is cut. The diagonal line across the bust is an excellent thing to break the up and down effect.

STREET ATTIRE FOR STOUT LADY.

The slight trimming on the skirt and the tabs are all calculated to lengthen the effect and hide the superfluity of tissue. There is difference of opinion regarding sleeves, but I think the coat sleeve with full top for outdoors, and the sleeve with the full upper part for indoors, will be better than tight sleeves. A very stout woman should never wear short sleeves, that is, sleeves that leave the upper portion exposed. Long skirts are better than short ones, and all trimming should be perpendicular. Lace wraps, long and flowing, are better than any short ones or any jacket, and it would be well to avoid short capes altogether. Trimming on hats should be arranged to stand as high as possible, and shoes with moderately high heels also assist in making the observer see that the stout lady is also tall and well proportioned. All gloves and accessories should be as dark and unobtrusive as possible, and the lady herself must cultivate a slow, graceful motion and quiet dignity, and so she shall be called "fine looking" instead of elephantine.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT NEW EMBROIDERY.

The crepe materials that clothe so many women this summer have been made to do duty as a back ground for embroidery; and pretty enough is the way in which the irregular surface catches the light and throws up the stitches of the work itself.

The finer woolen crepes are far easier to work upon than the cotton varieties, which are apt to cause the needle to glance aside, and so to spoil the evening of the stitches. They can be made up into charming little sachets, the softness of the material causes it to drape well and graceful.

Crepe is very suitable also for making a scarf for an easel, small starry designs being embroidered at regular intervals upon it. It lends itself admirably for draping wall pockets, screens, sofa cushions, and other fancy articles, silk crepe serving better than woolen for the smaller of these.

Some very tempting workbags, tablecloths, and boot and slipper cases have been brought out, made of what I can best describe as woolen canvas having a brocaded pattern woven in it. It is extremely soft to handle, and being made principally in dark and subdued colorings, can well be embroidered with bright tints. The new rope silk answers well upon this material as the designs are for the most part very bold and conventional in style.

There is another make of this fabric which is without the openwork, and so resembles coarse woolen brocade rather than canvas. This is used mostly for table covers and slips for sideboards.

It can also be utilized very successfully for covering small stools and the tiny tables which have long superseded milking and mushroom stools.

It would seem almost an impossibility to bring out any novelty in embroidery upon linen, so varied has been the choice of useful articles made of this material. Now we can buy fascinating little d'oyleys shaped for holding the dainty tea cakes and scones so much appreciated at afternoon tea, especially in the country, where, after a long walk or drive, something rather more substantial than usual becomes a necessity. The embroidery is so arranged as not to be hidden when the envelopes are in use, being placed on one of the outside corners, which forms a sort of flap, and lies above the rest of the linen.

Drawn thread work is more admired than ever, and ladies are gaining great skill in its execution, having learnt at last, it to to be hoped, how infinitely more durable is the hand work than that done by machinery. The threads are so drawn as to form a network of little squares bounded by bars worked over with point de reprise, and interspersed with small picots. At intervals among the open work are geometrical figures worked with the long stitch with which we have all become familiar since the re-introduction of the many varieties of canvas embroidery.

What is known as Swedish open work is really a development of the English cut embroidery, which still lingers amongst provincial workers. The designs are of the simplest, comprising large oval, round, and pear-shaped tracings, grouped to form patterns suitable for filling the corners of tea-cloths, serviettes, and for ornamenting d'oyleys, aprons, tea-cosies, and the like.

These geometric shapes are worked round the outlines with buttonhole stitch, and the spaces within the buttonholed edges are partially filled with bars and network patterns worked with lace stitches. Very little labor is needed for the execution of such embroidery as this, and the satin-stitch leaves and sprays, which serve to connect the open work details into somewhat of completeness, are within the power of the clumsiest workers.

A novel and very effective embroidery is executed upon a plush background, and resembles a trimming of yellowish-cream silk lace, laid flatly upon the colored material. The stitches are arranged to carry out the idea as far as possible, and form a fine network in some portions of the embroidery, buttonhole stitch answering for the thicker part of the lace, and French knots giving almost exactly the effect of picots.

The idea is excellent, but it might be greatly enlarged upon and developed. How effective, for instance, would be a lace pattern, worked somewhat in this way, with white flax threads upon terra cotta, pale blue, or milky-green art linen; and an equally good result could be obtained by the use of black silk upon coral-pink satin, or tussore silk.

The rage for orchids has been taken advantage of by the designers of fancy work, and these flowers now figure upon linen and twill nightdress cases and combbags. Few flowers are more difficult to treat successfully, though washing silks are to be had which reproduce the colors of the blossoms very exactly.

Workers who have not the opportunity of copying the disposal of the shades from the flowers themselves, will do better to confine themselves to such blooms as are within the reach of everybody.

Russian embroidery can be recommended where something bold and striking is required. The material is like coarse unbleached holland, the design being worked with dark red and dark blue threads only. Satin stitch is used for the thicker portions of the pattern; stem-stitch for scrolls, and any fine lines there may be. The general effect is excellent, and the work is sure to be popular for curtains, bed-spreads, and other pieces upon which it is desirable to get a good result with very little trouble.

The cross-stitch material is now to be used in quite a different way from heretofore. The designs traced upon it are of the usual conventional type, such as are placed upon linen and other materials of the kind, and these are worked with outline and stem-stitch, no notice being taken of the squares into which are tolle carree is divided. Sometimes, but only in very large, bold patterns, broad expanses of the design are filled with cross stitches arranged in groups, as chequers, slanting lines or dots, according to the fancy of the moment. This style of embroidery makes up well into children's perambulator rugs, and cot quilts for summer use.

The "baby" ribbon, which is to be had in such a multitude of different colors and shades, is tempting ladies to the execution of a coarse kind of Rocco embroidery similar to the China ribbon work done by our grandmothers. As the modern ribbon is too thick to be drawn through the material, it is only possible to use it in the form of tiny gatherings, puffings, and flutings, but the effect is good on the whole.

It is probable that, with the introduction of the fashion for thick guipure laces, will arise a fancy for executing elaborate crochet similar to that produced in Ireland, but rather coarser. The making of this is by no means so difficult as at first sight appears, especially as the thicker portions alone are made with the crochet hook, the fine bars and picots which connect them being put in with the needle. The thread used is exceedingly coarse and wiry, almost like string, and the moulds are three or four times the size of those that were brought forward at first. There is a good deal of variety to be had in the colors, and the shades are well selected. The gold thread, which is used as an edging to many of the larger sections, adds greatly to the effect. It is employed also for working the spiders, or wheels, which partially fill the open centres of the moulds.

A great deal of crochet is now executed in white, cream, fawn, or pink silk, and is made up into dainty little chemisettes and yokes for inserting into the necks of woolen vests or combinations. The use of these trimmings removes the objection so often made to woolen underclothing on the score of its ugliness. The patterns generally consist of tiny wheels or rosettes, each of which is made separately. They are then joined so as to shape the work as required, a paper pattern being taken as a model.

NORMAN HUMOR.—Superstitions about rocks, which were once popular among the peasant classes of Europe, are dying out. The familiar legend is of a rock which, moved at a certain time by some strange witchcraft, revolves or rolls aside, and discloses treasures hidden beneath, the time usually being specially inconvenient for witnesses, as, for instance, "on the stroke of twelve on Christmas Eve." A peculiar story of this kind is still told in some parts of Normandy.

In the neighborhood of Caudbec-en-Caux there is a stone which, the country people say, revolves while the bells ring the Angelus at noon on Good Friday.

A walk in the country in the spring at the hour of noon is always an agreeable diversion, and the sceptical stranger readily consents to go and see the alleged magical stone.

The stranger and his escort reach the stone and wait. Time passes. It is afternoon.

"But the stone has not moved!" he says.

"Wait, you have not heard the Angelus rung yet," is the smiling reply; and one might wait for ever, for on Good Friday the Angelus is never rung.